Vol. CXLV. No. 1881.

All Clear—"TripleX" Safety Glass

THE BYSTANDER January 3, 1940.

The BYSTANDER

Bruce Bairnsfather : A. G. Macdonell : Douglas Reed

Herbert Farjeon : D. B. Wyndham Lewis

1/-

Grant's Scotch Whisky
"FAMOUS FOR HALF A CENTURY"

COINTREAU
Extra Dry for England
THE WELL BALANCED LIQUEUR
The Finest Liqueur Indispensable in Cocktails

BOLLINGER
BY APPOINTMENT TO THE LATE KING GEORGE V.
CHAMPAGNE
1929 VINTAGE and SPECIAL CUVÉE.

Happier Children . . .
Children saved from unhappiness by the N.S.P.C.C. number over 5,000,000 since this National Voluntary Society was founded in 1884.
PLEASE HELP THIS GREAT WORK FOR THE NATION'S CHILDREN
which exerts a vast influence in overcoming conditions threatening the physical, moral, and mental welfare of the young.
N-S-P-C-C
Gifts will be welcomed by Wm. J. Elliott, O.B.E., Director, National Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Children, Victory House Leicester Sq. London, W.C.2.

ROSS'S
Soda Water
Try your whisky with Ross's Soda Water and notice how pleasantly it leaves the glass.

AA MOTOR POLICIES
ALL CLASSES OF INSURANCE TRANSACTED.
MOTOR UNION INSURANCE COMPANY, LTD.
10, ST. JAMES'S STREET, LONDON, S.W.1.

PRICE ONE SHILLING

MARSHALL & SNELGROVE'S

January SALE

Now Proceeding

A convincing example of the wonderful bargains in our fashion departments

"LOUISE"

An easy-to-wear afternoon gown in fine wool, the back has a long zip fastener and is becomingly flared. In black, brown, navy. Hip sizes 38, 40, 42 and 44 in. Reduced from 8½ gns. to - - **84/-**

Larger sizes, 10/6 extra.

(Quotations on request for special colours.)

Write for the Sale Book.

MARSHALL & SNELGROVE
OXFORD STREET
W·1·

ST. REGIS RESTAURANT

There is dancing in this famous restaurant every evening except Sundays to Harry Boleno's Band.

London's most amusing Cabaret
including
JOSEF MARION
(Intuitionist)
"He is uncanny"—"*Evening News.*"
and
JACK DOYLE and MOVITA

Unsurpassed cooking and wines.
Let "Dini" choose your menu.

ST. REGIS HOTEL

Special Terms for the Services.

10/6 per day single.
15/= ,, ,, double.
Complete Suite with private bathroom.

STAY HERE FOR YOUR SHOPPING.

CORK STREET
and
OLD BURLINGTON STREET
LONDON, W.1

'Phone: Regent 4030 (15 *lines*)
Manager: Captain A. Birley.

A PICTORIAL RECORD OF THE GILBERT & SULLIVAN OPERAS

This 48-page Souvenir, published by "The SPHERE," is ready now and deals comprehensively with the most popular of the Gilbert & Sullivan Operas. EIGHT PAGES IN FULL COLOUR, SHOWING SCENERY AND COSTUMES, WILL BE OF TREMENDOUS VALUE TO THE AMATEUR COMPANY. As a limited number are printed, you are advised to order immediately to avoid disappointment.

Price ***3/10*** *per copy, post free.*

Orders with remittance should be sent to:
THE PUBLISHER, THE SPHERE,
32 ST. BRIDE ST., LONDON, E.C.4

YOUR CHEMIST SELLS

Rendells

FAMOUS SINCE 1885
APPROVED BY DOCTORS

Enjoy your Meals

without fear of pain and discomfort afterwards. It is acid that makes you unable to digest your food, and 'Milk of Magnesia' Tablets relieve that acidity at once. You can prove this at your next meal. Take 'Milk of Magnesia' Tablets and you will find that your indigestion has vanished; you can eat what you like without fear. Buy the Tablets now and make your next meal a pleasant one.

Neat flat boxes for the pocket, **6d.** *and* **1/-.** *Also family sizes,* **2/-** *and* **3/6.** *Obtainable everywhere*

MILK OF MAGNESIA BRAND TABLETS
SLIP A 6D BOX IN YOUR POCKET OR BAG

'Milk of Magnesia' is the trade mark of Phillips' preparation of Magnesia

Stop that COLD with VAPEX

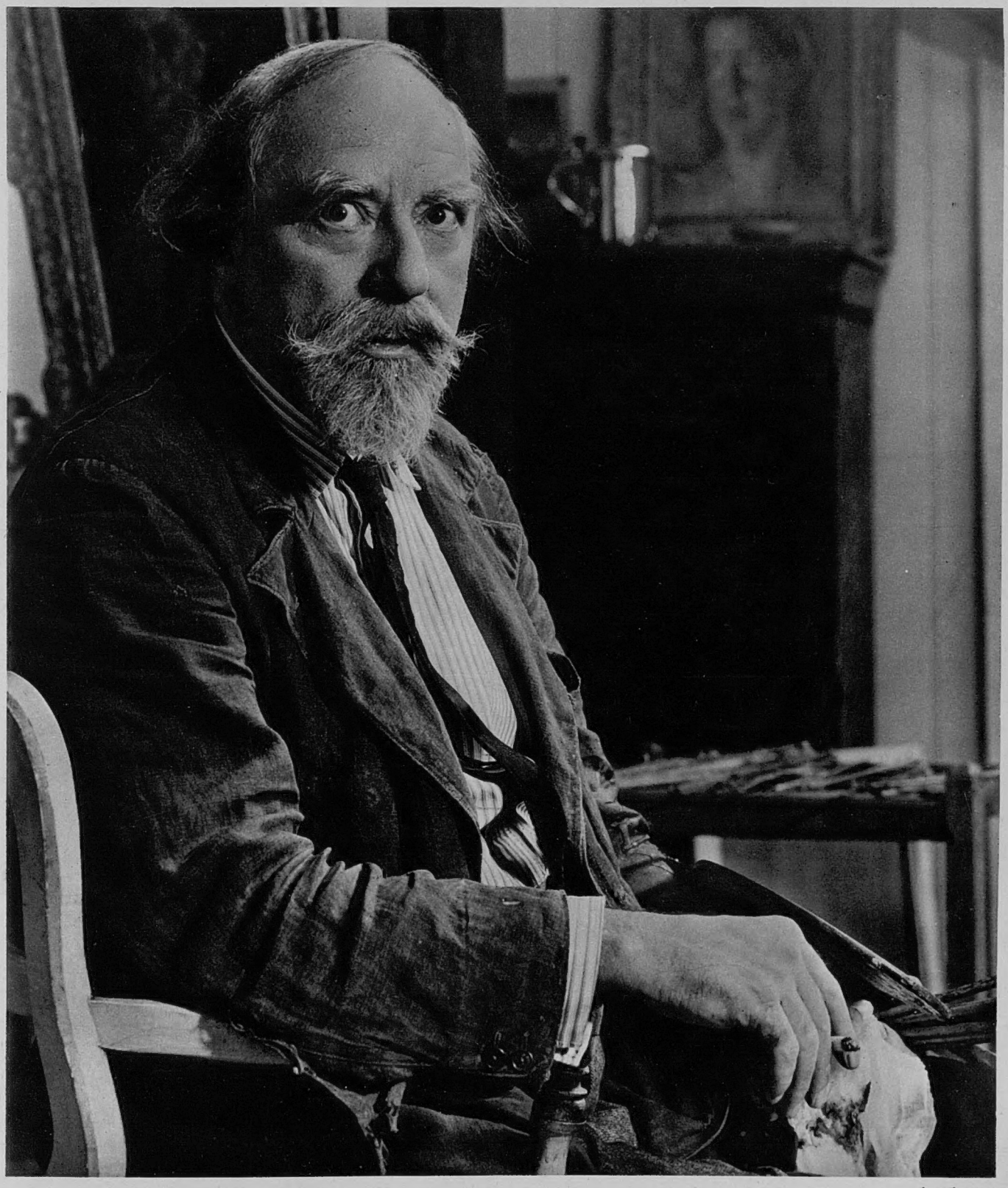
CONTINENTAL HOTELS

FRANCE

Cap Ferrat—Gd. Hotel—between Nice and Beaulieu. Reopening. Full South. Quiet and Peaceful. Beautiful Park overlooking Sea.

The Bystander, January 3, 1940 No. 1881. Vol. CXLV.

The Bystander



Lee Garmes

Augustus John Is Painting the Queen

This big, dominating man of sixty, the foremost English painter of to-day, went to Buckingham Palace early in December for the first twice-weekly sitting from the Queen. Now, a month later, his portrait—no official thing of robes and orders—is nearing completion. It will not be the first John in the Palace; for the Queen has been collecting modern English pictures for the past year and owns works by Duncan Grant, Wilson Steer, Ethel Walker, as well as by her newest portrayer. John is among the committeemen of the Central Institute of Art and Design which was set up in October to keep art—and artists—alive during the war: but he still remains outside the R.A. fold, having resigned in 1938

The Passing Hour

Wartime Comments and Asides

By A. G. Macdonell

WHATEVER the Russians may succeed in doing in the early summer in Finland, with clear air for aeroplanes and hard ground for tanks, nothing can alter two facts: the supreme heroism of the Finns, and the grave doubts about the efficiency of Russian men, morale and material. And you may be quite certain that one or two General Staffs are watching the struggle with profound interest: the German, for one; the Rumanian, for another; the Japanese for a third; and a fourth, which must be watching with interest coupled with quiet amusement, the General Staff of the only country which so far has pulled an irreverent long nose at the Kremlin, which is, of course, Turkey.

As I write, the southern attacks on Finland by the Soviet armies are being solidly held on the Mannerheim Line, while the central attacks across the "wasp-waist" (a somewhat portly wasp) are being driven back in confusion. There is very little reliable news about the northern section of the invasion round Petsamo. It is not surprising that the central attacks are in trouble. The sole supply-artery of the three columns is the dilapidated old single-track Murmansk railway, running laterally anything from 30 to 150 miles away from the Russian-Finnish frontier.

IT would give a highly-trained, experienced staff a nightmare to have to supply three divergent columns, in Arctic mid-winter, from that single-track line. And the Red Army Staff is not highly-trained or experienced, for the very simple reason that, in 1937 and 1938, Comrade Stalin killed about three-quarters of the senior officers of the Army. The result is that the Soviet troops are now almost entirely staffed by amateurs.

IT is reported that Herr Hitler (formerly called Schickelgruber, and now ought to be called Hammer and Schickelgruber) has ordered the interned merchantmen to make a dash for Germany, Home and Ugliness. If they do, obviously a number of them will succeed. In the stormy Atlantic of mid-winter the Royal Navy cannot be everywhere, and most of these ships are new and fast. But some of them will be intercepted, and of these some will be scuttled and their crews will take to their boats. Once again I express the hope that no British seaman's life will be endangered in rescuing these men. If they can be saved easily, well and good. But if it means that British seamen might risk their lives, then let the Huns row home, say I. They will have chosen to row. Let 'em to it.

TALKING of which reminds me that I owe an apology to Mr. Douglas Reed for mistaking his reference to the word Hun in the BYSTANDER a fortnight ago. I am delighted to find that I was wrong, and that we see eye to eye on this subject. We only use the word Hun because, although we know at least a score of worse and therefore more appropriate words for the Germans, we would certainly be debarred from using them in these decorous columns.

THAT business of the specialised engineering firm which refused to produce its books did not sound very good to me. It is true that it happened before the war started, but it was only just before the war. The Government asked for the firm's books for costing, in order to see whether the nation was being cheated. The firm refused. The Under-Secretary of the Treasury could only say that he had no powers of compulsion and—and this is the dreadful point—"they would know that any threat we made was futile, and *that we cannot do without their products.*" Meanwhile the managing director's salary has been raised from £500 a year to £15,000 a year.

IT is always fun for the long-suffering citizenry when two of our large newspapers start slugging each other in public. In private, of course, they are very tough with each other, but their toughness is almost always hidden away behind chartered accountants and linotype-machines. But once in a while they bounce out into the open air with brass-knuckles on and gas-piping up their sleeves. This is what the *Sunday Express* and the *Sunday Pictorial* are now doing to each other on the subject of the latter's new column "Truth." One is standing

(*Concluded on page 4*)

Her Words Were Used by the King on Christmas Day

Numerous people throughout the Empire who pride themselves on literary perspicacity furrowed their brows as the King in his Christmas broadcast slipped into verse: "And I said to the man who stood at the gate of the year . . ." etc.; but they went to their quotation dictionaries in vain. Miss M. L. Haskins, of Crowborough, lately a tutor in social sciences, also found the words familiar, and eventually remembered she had written them herself twenty-six years ago. They were published privately in a collection called "The Desert," came lately into the King's hands, and took his fancy, though he, too, did not know their origin

Her Brushes Will Paint the War

Gwen Le Gallienne is the first official woman war artist to be sent to the front by the War Department; she will leave her studio near Charing Cross for France before this month is out, and as a salaried person attached to the Army will rank equal with war correspondents. She is Richard Le Gallienne's daughter

Disposing the Allied Navies: Admiral Darlan and Admiral Pound met before Christmas to plan the next round-up

Amiral Jean-François Darlan, *a Gascon, comes of a naval family and his progress to the command of the French Navy (Chef d'Etat Major Général de la Marine Française) since his entry into the Naval School, Brest, at eighteen has been of an irresistible regularity, even though he had the misfortune to fight the whole of the last war on land, commanding a battery of naval guns. He ended the war as Lieut.-Commander (Capitaine de Corvette), served in Chinese waters, got the Atlantic Squadron 1934, Chief of Naval Staff 1936, C.-in-C. June last year. When Darlan landed at Portsmouth four days before Christmas he was making his second public visit in five months—he was presented to King George when H.M. reviewed the Fleet in Weymouth Bay last August*

Admiral of the Fleet Sir Dudley Pound *was host to the French naval commander in the pre-Christmas conversations which, it was hoped, would soon lead to the round-up of the second of the three pocket-battleships by the Allied navies. The career of Alfred Dudley Pickman Rogers Pound is too well known to need enlargement. Certain points stand out: he is not a Dartmouth or Osborne man, thus rising in the Navy against the law of average; is half-American, his mother being a Bostonian; fought at Jutland in command of the Colossus; shares membership of two orders (Légion d'Honneur, Royal Victorian Order), with his opposite number, is also a G.C.B., K.B.E. This picture was taken in the First Sea Lord's room, Admiralty*

The Passing Hour

(Continued from page 2)

primly at the bottom of an ink-well howling "We will tell the truth." The other is leaping about like a demented mouse in a crinoline roaring "You're a liar." It's the *Pictorial's* turn now.

CHRISTMAS and New Year took me to Aberdeen, where I was greatly shocked at the change which the war has wrought in the habits of the populace. I found myself caught up in a perfect orgy of spending. The shops were besieged by buyers; queues fought for places at the counters; the lounges of the hotels were crowded; and the ears were deafened by the high-pitched and incessant banging of saxpences. As for weddings, the place was ankle-deep in confetti. It was all very alarming.

AS for A.R.P. in the North, they take it very seriously indeed. Windows, even miles inland, are rigorously inspected by zealous wardens, and not a glimmer of light is visible except at the engineering works down by the harbour, where the glare of the furnaces is only equalled in gallant display by the floodlighting of the night-shift.

A YOUNG lady of my acquaintance was greatly excited when she received from a soldier-brother in France a present of a pair of gloves to which was attached a tiny label marked "Lille." "At last," she cried in sweet girlish enthusiasm, "we know exactly where Tom is." Next day her other soldier-brother, stationed in Singapore, weighed-in with a lovely brass tray of Malayan workmanship, stamped "Birmingham."

THE management of Bush House refused to let excursions and alarums interfere with their annual Audit Lunch to the tenants just before Christmas. Mr. Ralph Peck, the General Manager, was in the chair as usual, and made his usual brilliant dozen or so speeches. He referred with gratitude to the tenants who had paid their rents, and with sadness to those who had joined the army and had thus become "left-tenants." Mr. Ronald Frankau afterwards "entertained the troops" without the slightest regard for the presence of the Vicar of the Parish. But the reverend gentleman did not seem to mind in the least.

THE famous column in the *Week-End Review* which was called "This England," was taken over by the *New Statesman* when those two papers were amalgamated. It never quite recovered from the change, because the *Week-End Review* was conducted by a band of gay wits, whereas in the *Statesman* nanny-goats predominate, but my colleague Mr. V. S. Pritchett has made a capital selection of the best of the column in 1939, and has published it in a booklet at a shilling, with illustrations by Low. There are many excellent things in it, though none of them approaches the immortal sentence which the *Week-End* published: "Gordon Richards, interviewed after the race, said that Brown Jack was the nearest approach to a human being that he'd ever been on."

An Archduke in America

An Ambassador's Wife at a New York Party

The Archduke and Archduchess Franz Josef of Austria gave a party at New York's famous El Morocco, and one of their guests was Lady Clark-Kerr. She is the wife of Sir Archibald Clark-Kerr, British Ambassador to China, was on her way to Shanghai to rejoin her husband. She is Chilean, met and married her husband in 1929 when he was British Minister to Chile

Civil and Military Air Chiefs at Tom Walls' Show for the R.A.F. Comforts Fund

The Chief of Air Staff, Air Chief Marshal Sir Cyril Newall, and Lady Newall were at the Shaftesbury Theatre show given just before Christmas in connection with Tom Walls' own appeal for the R.A.F. Comforts Fund

The Civil Chief of the R.A.F., Sir Kingsley Wood, Air Minister, was also at the Shaftesbury Theatre show, posed for a picture with Mr. Oliver Stanley, President of the Board of Trade, and Lady Maureen Stanley

Tunbridge-Sedgwick

Cathleen Mann in Her New Studio

Cathleen Mann has exchanged the wide, light, Thames-side views of Cheyne Walk for the confined and darker elegance of Charles Street, on which she looks regretfully out from her wartime Mayfair flat. Here she now has her studio, and has been working (in a tartan dress) on a portrait of the Countess of Jersey. She is one of the thousand and more exhibitors in the huge United Artists' Exhibition at the Academy, which opens to the public on Friday, in aid of the Lord Mayor's Red Cross and St. John Fund and the Artists' General Benevolent Institution. As the Marchioness of Queensberry she was less pleasantly in the news just before Christmas, when her flat was burgled and £1500-worth of jewellery was stolen. She married Lord Queensberry as his second wife in 1926, and is the mother of his son and heir, Viscount Drumlanrig, and his thirteen-year-old younger daughter, Lady Jane Douglas. She and Lord Queensberry's first wife, now Lady Dunn, have been working together on the organisation of a canteen for British troops at one of the French ports of disembarkation

Capt. Dewhurst and Miss Barbara Ramsden-Jodrell

Captain John Powys Dewhurst, Royal Artillery, is the eldest son of Captain and Mrs. G. P. Dewhurst, of Bodidris, Llandegla, Denbighshire. Barbara Ramsden-Jodrell is the second daughter of Lieut.-Colonel and Mrs. Henry Ramsden-Jodrell, of Taxal Lodge, Whaley Bridge, Cheshire. They were married at St. George's, Hanover Square

Capt. the Hon. Richard Denison-Pender and Miss Rivière

Captain the Hon. Richard Denison-Pender, Royal Corps of Signals, is the younger son of Lord and Lady Pender. Louise Rivière is the only daughter of the late Henry Gilbey Rivière, and Mrs. Rivière, of 17, Ovington Square, S.W.3, and is on the stage. They were married at Holy Trinity, Brompton

Lady Warrender

The wife of the Financial Secretary to the War Office is working for the Polish Army. She appealed recently for clothes and comforts for the Polish soldiers on active service with the Allies, was here writing a personal letter of thanks to a youthful donor of money for cigarettes

Mr. and Mrs. Bryan Guinness were photographed at a recent theatre first-night. He is Lord Moyne's only son, she was formerly Elizabeth Nelson, married Mr. Guinness as his second wife in 1936. Lord Moyne is chairman of the Polish Relief Fund which has its headquarters in his Grosvenor Place house

The Hon. Bryan and Mrs. Guinness

Christening of a General's Son: Brian James Alexander, Hi

Major-General the Hon. Harold and Lady Margaret Alexander's second s James at the Guards' Chapel, Wellington Barracks. Miss Victor Ma Caledon, were his godparents. His elder brother, Shane William Desmon Rose Maureen, is three years older. Major-General Alexander, forme has commanded the 1st Division since 1938. His wife, formerly L the daughter of a soldier, Brig.-General the Earl of Lucan.

Social Register

The Hon. Charles Greenway, Miss Stephen

The Hon. Charles Paul Greenway is the elder son of Lord and Lady Greenway, of Stangrove, Edenbridge, Kent, will be twenty-two this month. Cordelia Mary Stephen is the younger daughter of Major and Mrs. Humfrey Campbell Stephen, of Pleasaunce Court, East Grinstead, Sussex. They were married at St. John's, Dormansland, Surrey

Mr. Dudley and Miss Barbara Stern

Michael Victor Dudley, Irish Guards, and Barbara Stern were married at the Royal Military Chapel, Wellington Barracks. He is the only son of Mr. and Mrs. Roland Dudley, of Linkenholt Manor, Andover, Hants. She is the elder daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Bertie Stern, of 2, Park Street, W.1

Miss Millicent Baron and Mr. Longmore

Flt.-Lieut. Richard Maitland Longmore, R.A.F., is the eldest son of Air Marshal Sir Arthur and Lady Longmore, of Ersham House, Grantham. His father has been Air Officer C. - in - C., Training Command, since July last year. Millicent Baron is the elder daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Edward Baron, of 41, Belgrave Square, S.W.1. They were married at Caxton Hall register office

Parents and Godparents

...vas christened Brian ...nd his uncle, Lord ...s four, his sister, ...n the Irish Guards, Margaret Bingham, is ...were married in 1931

At the St. Moritz Tobogganing Club's Nostalgic Party

St. Moritz Diners

Just before Christmas the St. Moritz Tobogganing Club gave a party at the Dorchester at which gathered as many of the Cresta experts and their admirers as could get there. Above are the Hon. Mrs. Hiley Bathurst and her brother-in-law, the Hon. Ben Bathurst, who is a well-known Cresta competitor

On the left are Colonel Hodgson, a Cresta veteran, Miss Lorna Harmsworth, daughter of the Hon. Esmond Harmsworth, and Ralph Harbord. The latter and his sisters are peacetime regulars at St. Moritz and particularly on and around the famous run. Note the snow picture behind to add poignance to a very nostalgic though cheerful party

Tunbridge-Sedgwick

The First Lord's Daughter as a Machiavellian Heroine

Sarah Churchill is the young wife Lucrezia in Nicolo Machiavelli's comedy *Mandragola*, now at the Mercury, in Ashley Dukes' English adaptation. Voltaire thought the play "worth all the comedies of Aristophanes," but London critics have lacked his enthusiasm. However, the production is a collector's piece for the theatrical connoisseur, since this, after four hundred and twenty-four years, is the first performance of *Mandragola* in England. Nicia, the foolish deceived husband, is brilliantly played by John Laurie, Sarah Churchill was chosen for his wife because the Mercury management "see her as a classical actress. Her modern work is well known." She made her stage debut nearly four years ago in the Cochran revue *Follow the Sun*, in which was also Vic Oliver. Some months later she went off to America, and on Christmas Eve 1936 she and he were married in New York. He is now in *Black Velvet* at the Hippodrome. She is the second of the three daughters of Mr. and Mrs. Winston Churchill

The Theatre: By Herbert Farjeon

"All Clear" (Queen's)

WHO would not go where to see Miss Beatrice Lillie? Which question being as complicated to answer as it is complimentary to ask, let me confine myself to the statement that I would (and did) go to the Queen's Theatre, and that you should (and, I trust, will) follow my example. The revue now being presented there is, on the whole, an up-and-down affair. In spite of its title—*All Clear*—there may be moments when you will feel tempted to scuttle for shelter. Miss Adele Dixon puts some style and stiffening into the boy-and-girl numbers, but the efficacy of boy-and-girl numbers in revue is surely just an old managerial superstition that would be better dead. Mr. Fred Emney is given spots to fill because, having been engaged, something has got to be done with him to justify the billing; although he is the best comedian of his kind since G. P. Huntley, he badly needs an author or two. To see Mr. Robert Eddison at his best, you will have to go on after the show to *Ridgeway's Late Joys*, if he is there and they are functioning then. As for Mr. Bobby Howes, the evening in his case is just one long struggle against an unkind fate that has condemned him to sketches no comedian could possibly make a name in and no star could possibly shine in.

BUT—and a most emphatic "but" this is—Miss Lillie makes the night worth while. She has, it is true, the best material. Mr. Nicholas Phipps, whose work is almost always of the first quality, has provided her with a first-quality lyric in which she appears as a blonde whoops-dearie, troops-dearie entertainer—positively her last chance—and how Miss Lillie takes it! Mr. Arthur Macrae, whose contributions to revue are all too rare, gives her, and, for once, Mr. Howes, a brilliant number in which, as a couple of snob evacuee West End choir-boys, they reveal a knowledge of "life" that might well blight the whole countryside. And Mr. Noel Coward, who needs no testimonial, gives her two glorious opportunities in "Marvellous Party" and "Weary of It All," which songs you may have heard her sing at the Café de Paris—but could one hear her sing often enough? Her best sketch is also by Mr. Coward—a secret-service sketch in which, as a beautiful spy fascinating military nincompoops, her subtle powers of burlesque immaculately break all bounds.

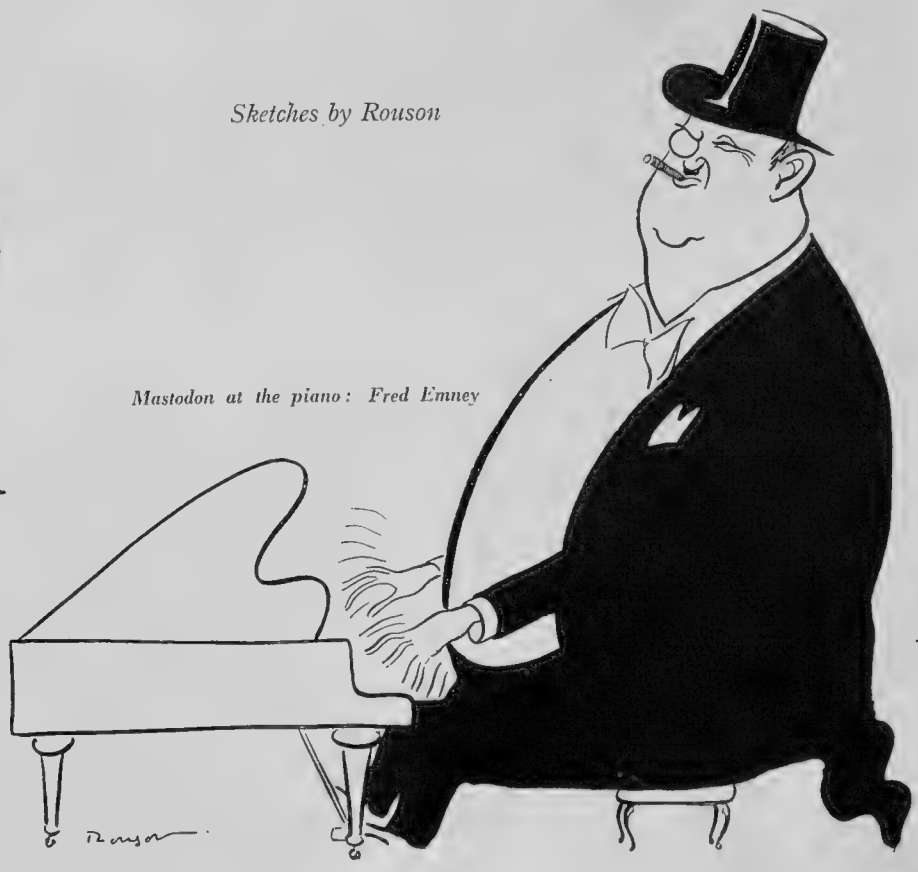
MISS LILLIE is, in short, our theatrical debunker de luxe. Every gesture she makes and every gesture she decides, on lightning second thoughts, not to make, is a perfectly finished, perfectly final word. She exposes with rare art all that is shoddy, all that is fake, all that is moribund in stage technique. And if she is not one of the two finest revue comediennes in the country, I will tell you the name of the other one. But as she is, I won't.

Suburban lady with interest in cat's private life: Beatrice Lillie

Sketches by Rouson

Artist with neatness preoccupation: Bobby Howes

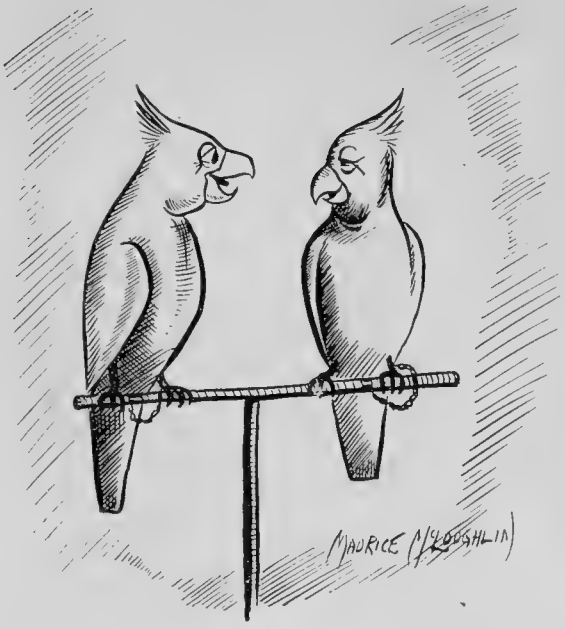
Mastodon at the piano: Fred Emney



Standing By . . .

One Thing and Another

By D. B. Wyndham Lewis



"Now do the gas rattle"

No ghostly activity is reported this Christmas, so far, from Borley Rectory, Suffolk, considered by experts to be the most haunted house in Great Britain. According to Mr. Harry Price (of the Psychical Research Society) in *The Christmas Companion*, there is a *dossier* of the Borley case over the last fifty years sufficient to fill a trunk. However, in the absence of the ghosts of Borley, good work is reported from Ulster. A girl recently reported to the judge at Belfast Assizes a chat she had had with the ghost of her late employer, something of a censorious old sourpuss even now, it seems. Extract from proceedings:

> Was it the ghost that told you that —— slept in the same room as Mrs. —— ?—Yes.
> As well as seeing this ghost, did you see the ghost of a woman in white about the hayshed ?—No. ——'s ghost warned me not to go near the shed after sunset.

This interested us extremely. There are lots of things you can expect in Ulster (such as being bunged into the sneezer and kept there without trial if the authorities don't like you), but you don't expect ghosts, which properly belong to the South. There are some lonely spots in Galway or Kerry where we defy even a British stockbroker to walk alone in the fragrant purple twilight and not see leprechauns and fairies and the spirits of the dead, and as for the Aran Islands, more people than Synge have had strange, mystical experiences there. Similarly in the Highlands, for example in the hag-ridden Pass of Glencoe, where children massacred in 1692 by Lord Stair's orders are often heard crying, and an atmosphere of cold horror closes down on you suddenly like a mist. A cynical New York playboy we know was so genuinely unnerved by Glencoe that on returning post-haste to that huge glittering palazzo at Gleneagles he asked (in vain) to be allowed to spend the next night in the cocktail bar, tightly holding the barman's hand. It must be much pleasanter to see a ghost, we imagine, than to feel that electric atmosphere of intense evil, or pain, or fear, or despair which overhangs, for another example, the Trianons at Versailles, where Miss Moberly and Miss Jourdain had some years ago that celebrated psychic adventure which some smart guy or other recently explained away, by no means with success. He ought to live in the Rue Maurepas for a time.

Years ago we spent an entire Hallowe'en night in a haunted wood in Hertfordshire, with a well-known and serious-minded ghost-hunter who promised us, as the French say, mounts and marvels. The fact that the scattering of hempseed was deemed essential filled us with profound scepticism very early in the proceedings. It didn't seem to us, even from our then sketchy knowledge of the period, that any self-respecting mediæval ghost would respond to being lured like a canary. Nor did it.

Eyeful

Rubbing these bloodshot but still piercing old eyes, we perceived near St. James's Palace a subaltern in uniform tripping along in, believe it or not, russet-brown suède shoes, dainty as all-get-out. We waited for the sentry outside the Palace to challenge and then run him through the body; but no, the sentry saluted smartly as usual and the Turner autumn-study passed on, being (we conjectured) on his way to Bond Street to order a flounce on his new mauve silk pyjamas. The spectacle confirmed our growing impression that since our day the Provost-Marshal has gone gaga. Twenty-five years ago, officers' slacks were smartly pressed and impeccably turned up at the ends; to-day they are turned down and often look like drainpipes on a wet Tuesday in February. The Sam Browne has lost its shoulder-strap and is even being dispensed with altogether, and gloves seem to be optional. In our day a P.-M. would have shaken the terrified sky with his roarings if he had come across the kind of chaps you see everywhere in London now—we may as well remark here that we're not subsidised by any firm of military outfitters and don't give a damn, personally, if the entire Army turns out in pierrot costume—and chaps were constantly and violently ticked-off for wearing too soft a cap ("Good God, sir, who's your tailor?"), or for not wearing the right shade in gloves. The Hore-Belisha regime, besides being kinder and sweeter, seems to be far less dressy, unless, as we said, the Provost-Marshal goes round nowadays in a bathchair, blinking mildly and talking to the birdies.

"No, I'm afraid I haven't got my identity card, but my husband knows who I am"

The Navy looks to us much as before, and we haven't yet detected the R.N.V.R. chancing its neck with celluloid collars or Ascot ties. Maybe what the Army needs is an Admiral Noel Coward?

Lure

One of Fleet Street's Zoo Correspondents—every daily paper has one to give

the Island Race the latest lowdown on ailing warthogs, the matrimonial affairs of apes and camels and pythons, and other hot news of our dumb friends—struck a shrewd topical note the other day, we thought, by announcing that news of reindeer towing guns for the Finnish Army had revived interest in the Zoo's three reindeer. But not (he might have added) much. We gathered there was no ensuing rush by the populace to gaze on the Nordic pans of these animals, who are about as exciting to look at as the spinster aunts of County cricketers on ice. To the meditative 5 per cent. their wealth of antlers may possibly suggest mildly diverting thoughts not unconnected with French comedy, but their faces are silly and their big brown lustrous eyes betray a B-minus intelligence, and even the divine Hans Andersen could make nothing much of them. When the reindeer carrying Gerda in *The Snow Queen* arrives at the Finland witch's hut, he talks like a political gossip-writer buttering a Cabinet Minister in the Sunday papers. The witch naturally holds out for more, with a certain amount of bridling coyness, feigned dubiety and flafla, and valuable time is lost. Even that loathsome fool James I. knew that this is not the way to handle witches if you want anything out of them, and James, who knew a thing or two about Black Magic, which was practised at the British Court to some extent at the time, like murder, was right.

Encouraging the citizenry to go to the Zoo and stare at reindeer will, in our view, get them nowhere. Even in wartime there are plenty of better things to goggle at. For one thing, the Fallen Horse has returned to the London streets, as popular a draw as ever. We 've been late for three luncheon appointments ourselves, already.

Idea

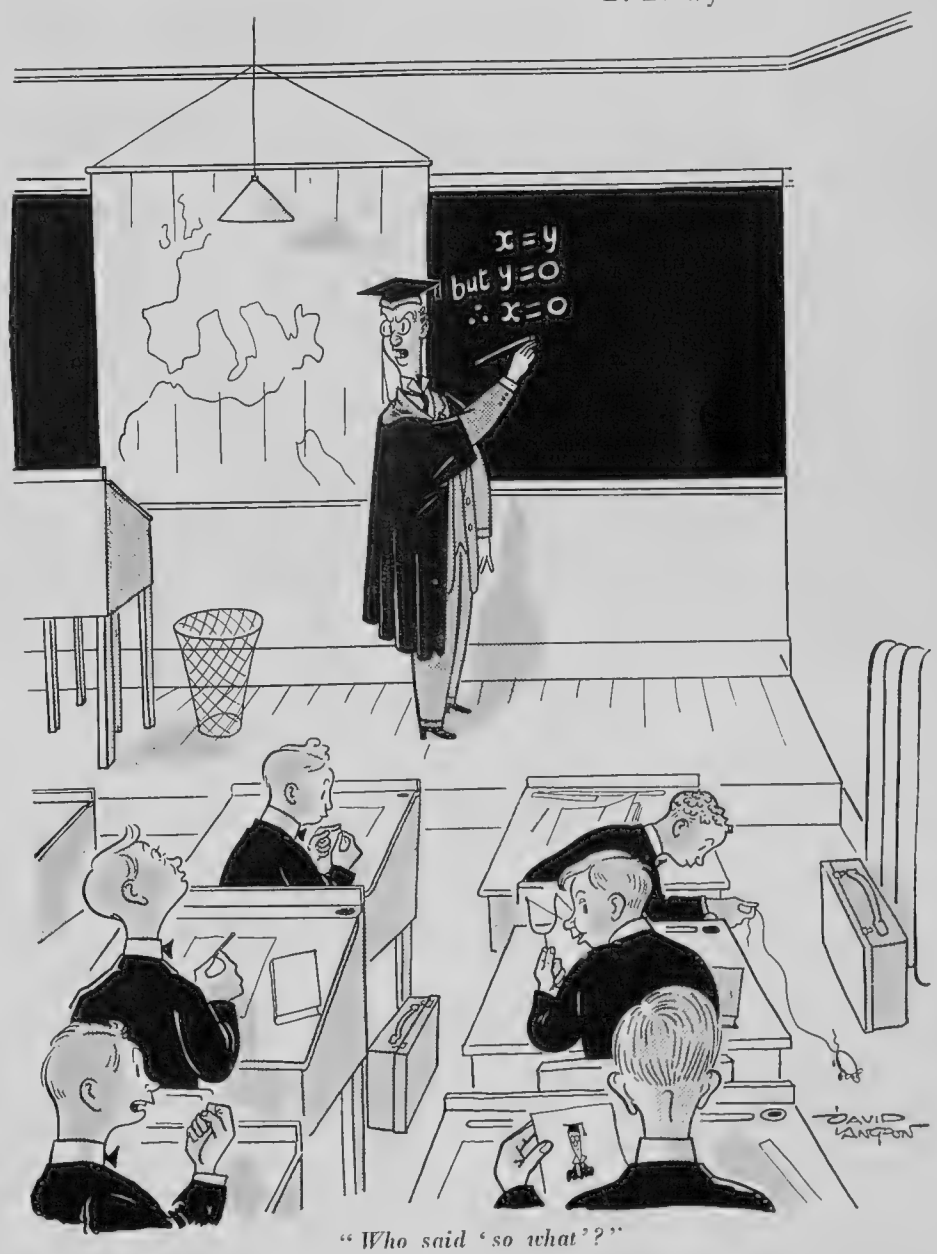
WANGEROOG, Spiekeroog, Langeoog, Borkum, Norderney—the names of the German East Frisian island air-bases, to which the R.A.F. are so admirably attending at the moment, may sound outlandish to some of the citizenry as they come tripping off complacent B.B.C. tongues, but they 're old buddies to anyone who knows *The Riddle of the Sands*, still the finest spy-story in English, though it was written forty years ago. Round these desolate islands " Carruthers " and " Davies," the hardy chaps in the story, bumped and rolled and tossed in the 7-ton Dulcibella, and finally stumbled on the German surprise plan to invade Norfolk from seven Frisian outlets simultaneously, under the convoy of the High Seas Fleet. This plan, duly reported and received with " dignified incredulity " by the Admiralty (as you might expect), had so little effect on our beef-witted foreign policy of the early 1900's that the two chaps who had risked their lives in more ways than one to discover it determined to make it widely public at all costs. The entrancing *Riddle* was the result. No doubt by this time the information has been taken seriously and action provided for. The scheme is still not impossible in theory, and the aeroplane has arrived since 1900 to make things easier.

Whether " Carruthers " actually managed to maroon the All-Highest himself in a tug in the mud off Norddeich and get back to Norderney in time to rush " Lieut. X " and his beautiful daughter off to England may or may not be a bit of romantic trimming, but it makes a grand breathless climax to the yarn. One of the film moguls once, to our horror, got interested in the *Riddle*. As he saw it, it was a cross between *Three Men in a Boat* and *The Prisoner of Zenda*. Then, by Heaven's mercy, a smash-hit script turned up with lots of chaps being debagged and hiding in grandfather clocks, and we breathed again, long and deep.

Pomp

THE 36 members of Colchester Borough Council are henceforth to be saluted by the 250 members of the local Auxiliary Fire Service, according to a recent order. This works out at 9000 salutes per day, given a full daily parade of Bumbles and volunteer firemen at one salute apiece ; a general situation which would have delighted Dickens. The French, who have exploited small-town comedy more thoroughly than we, especially appreciate the fun of the *sapeur-pompier*, who in the rural districts is often a stout and perspiring citizen seen stomping on festal occasions behind a brass band, with fiercely martial allure. Such a figure, uniformed and helmeted and—of course—deceived by his wife, the Messalina of Fouilly-les-Oies, is naturally a gift to the Comic Muse, but the Colchester situation is not without its own quiet charm. Municipal dignitaries in full swell have always moved the populace to faint derision. You may remember the mirth during the Lord Mayor's Show a couple of years ago when a platoon of terrific Fitness Girls with glowering iron pans was succeeded by a string of carriages full of the Fatness Boys, as the round, rosy, dignified sheriffs, beaming from a copious luncheon, were christened by some evil scribbler or other. " Suc-cess to the Mayor, and may he never desart the nail-and-sarspan business, as he got his money by ! " The Eatanswill cry is ever new, and countless mayors, burgomasters, maires, podestas, and corregidors have winced at it down the ages. We guess this new orgy of saluting will arride the honest burgesses of Colchester not a little. Not that it 's safe to laugh at every British mayor. He 's often got a speculative builder in the family.

D. B. Wyndham Lewis



" Who said ' so what ' ? "

Films of the Day

History by Guitry

By George Campbell

THIS is ordinarily the season when film-producers, with a smile of ineffable benevolence, unload all the junk in their cellars, and eager aunts drag tolerant nephews to see it. Things are different this year. Of seven new films, only one is rubbish. The rest range all the way from Sacha Guitry's witty improvisations on the theme of royal adultery to Jascha Heifetz's wizardry on the fiddle, from the sparkling wise-cracks of *The Women* to three melodramas that would bring an oyster to the edge of his seat.

"REMONTONS LES CHAMPS-ELYSÉES" may be third-rate history, but what of it? It is first-class Guitry; and Guitry is like no other film-maker in the world. Round a schoolmaster and a thoroughfare he weaves a tale amorous and continuously amusing. There is nothing uproarious about it. The humour of M. Guitry is of the subtle, sardonic kind that keeps you smiling, perhaps chuckling, but rarely provokes what Hollywood so urbanely calls the belly-laugh.

Through his pageant of history, if a phrase so ponderous can be applied to anything so airily impertinent, run two threads—the family history of the narrator, and the Champs-Élysées itself. From a murderous intrigue of the time of Louis XIII., M. Guitry passes briefly over Louis XIV., and lingers—one is tempted to say lovingly; at any rate, sympathetically—over the indiscretions of his grandson. Not even a courtier could have called Louis the Well-Beloved a good king; ironically enough, he was not even popular; but if he was anything like M. Guitry's philandering monarch, he was certainly an amusing rascal, not unlike our own Charles II. Perhaps, though, M. Guitry's portrait rather flatters him; I notice that he credits the king, instead of his foreign minister, with the acquisition of Corsica. This, as we all know, had important consequences, for if France's coup had not taken place in 1769, the Italians would have claimed a not unpromising youngster named Napoleon Bonaparte, born a few months later in the same year.

As a result of one of the king's little encounters in his hunting-box in the Champs-Élysées, a son is born; and from him the schoolmaster traces his descent. The family tree, despite its bâton sinister, seems to have produced some agreeable fellows, all (but the coincidence will hardly surprise you) very like Sacha Guitry. One of them marries a left-handed daughter of the first Napoleon; they run a café in the Champs-Élysées, now become a public park. We meet Richard Wagner (fired by the manager because he will play his own abominable compositions) and Offenbach; along the same road we see the third pinchbeck Napoleon drive by in his fatuous complacency, and the Prussians march in triumph. A curious but enchanting medley, enriched by gleams of colour and of wisdom, ends with the sixty-four-year-old schoolmaster philosophically awaiting the fate that overtook his ancestors at the same age.

IF you read Louis Bromfield's *The Rains Came*, and expect to find every detail in the film, you may be disappointed. Coming to it fresh, I found the production admirable. The Indian atmosphere is extraordinarily well done, the earthquake and flood scenes are superb, and the acting first-class in places and at worst adequate. In the former category I would put George Brent, as the rake who redeems himself; Brenda Joyce, a pretty little newcomer with talent; and Maria Ouspenskaya as the Maharanee. Tyrone Power (Major Safti), Myrna Loy (Lady Esketh) and H. B. Warner (the Maharaja) seemed to me miscast.

"The Real Glory"

With Gary Cooper and David Niven in the film, Samuel Goldwyn's latest teams two of the screen's most popular men. Playing with them is pretty Andrea Leeds. The picture is of the "Bengal Lancer"-"Beau Geste" genre, directed by Henry Hathaway, with a setting of the wild Philippines of 1906. Reviewed here

I FORGET just how many thousand dollars'-worth of orchids and how many buckets of blood were used by Sam Goldwyn in the making of *The Real Glory*. In the end, most of the orchids seem to have been cut out, but the carnage is still pretty terrific. Exactly what the real glory is—the white man's burden in the Philippines of 1906, or the friendly natives' discovery that they can defend themselves against the murderous Moros, or just the power of a good woman's love—I never learned. Not that it matters. The tale of the little community deprived of its U.S. guard, terrorised by jungle Moros who would as soon chop you in half or feed you to the ants as look at you, and finally assaulted on all sides by a horde of savages catapulted over the palisade from the tops of springy trees—all this is in Henry Hathaway's best *Bengal Lancer* form; and in this line he has no equal. Gary Cooper, after some unlucky essays in romance, makes the most of a role that suits him; David Niven plays a gallant Irishman with charm; and Andrea Leeds is the soldier's daughter who fights none the worse for a Paris frock and a becoming hair-wave.

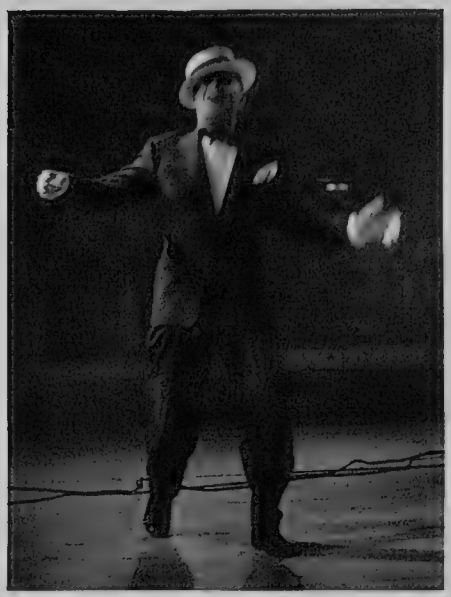
JIMMY CAGNEY is one of the half-dozen finest actors on the screen, and George Raft, though much more limited, handles tough stuff as well as anybody. *Each Dawn I Die* brings them together in a histrionic duel to remember. I leave you to name the winner. For melodrama with punch and electrical intensity, *Each Dawn I Die* is one of the pictures of the year.

GREAT musicians are seldom actors, and Jascha Heifetz is no exception. In *Melody of Youth* he has only to walk through a few scenes with his habitual poker face and play the fiddle. I use "only" in the sense that Moses had only to strike the rock to bring forth gushing water. Mr. Heifetz, too, is a miracle man, and *Melody of Youth* could be even more commonplace in the matter of story and still be worth seeing for his exciting, staggering virtuosity. Some of the child prodigies, too, are rather wonderful.

THE other new pictures must be dismissed summarily. *Husbands or Lovers* is a silly sentimental comedy exploiting Madeleine Carroll as an incredible business woman and Fred MacMurray as a he-man from Bali (pronounced Bally); *The Women* is a fairly faithful transcript of the stage hit already familiar to London; and *Point of View* devotes its new number to a spirited discussion of betting, its uses and abuses.

Pictures of "Remontons les Champs-Elysées," "The Rains Came," and "Each Dawn I Die" appeared in our last issue.

Maurice Chevalier: 2nd Great War finds him entertaining on the revue front



***The straw hat** still figures but gives way at times to bowler, topper, steel helmet. The show launches the new Chevalier song "Il Pleurait"*

Maurice Chevalier saw the last war from the trenches, his training as electrician and mechanic standing him in good stead. This time, war broke out in the month of his fiftieth birthday and he was too old to fight. But as a world's star whom France is very proud of he is in constant demand to entertain the troops, and he went up the line once more in November to give the Army the first hearing of his new song which he now sings at the Casino de Paris: "Il Pleurait," converse of "L'Homme Qui Rit," is about a man born on a rainy day when his mother was skinning onions. Ever since that he cried on all great occasions. More pictures of the Casino de Paris revue are on the next double-page

***A mixed bunch** of wild flowers decorates his dressing-room. He himself was decorated last year as Chevalier de la Légion d'Honneur for "signal services" to French propaganda*

The Casino de Paris

First war revue joins Chevalier and Baker for first time

Nita Raya, here in her loge at the Casino de Paris, is the Diana Beaumont of Paris, made her name overnight in the previous revue at the Casino. She supplies contrast in numbers from 1900 and a swing session

***Josephine Baker,** Paris's coloured sweetheart, appears in five or six tableaux of French colonial or South American inspiration, as you can see from the background of this shot*

***Henri Varna,** chief of the vast, humming centre of Paris revue, sits here with the man who heads the present bill*

WHEN war broke out, Paris, like London, closed up like an oyster. But when it was seen no bombs fell, the regulations unclamped somewhat and soon the movement was all in favour of "reprise de la vie parisienne." Paris had a duty to make itself attractive for the boys on leave. The first revue to open (December 1st) was *Paris-London* at the Casino de Paris. This huge factory of entertainment employing several hundred persons had lain idle since September until, soon after a deputation of decorators, painters, costumiers, and so on had gone to director Henri Varna to urge him to re-open, regulations and public demand made this possible. The revue, its guiding spirit the Entente Cordiale now blossomed into military alliance, bills Chevalier (previous page) and Josephine Baker together for the first time. Third star is the young sensation of the last pre-war Casino revue, Nita Raya. The rest of the cast is strictly Franco-British, and many of their turns were shown first to the Army at a front-line concert broadcast to this country

***This dressing-room shot** remains anonymous, is called by our French photographer "une photographie indiscrète d'une girl," i.e., a member of the chorus*

***M. Paqnol,** leader of the Casino de Paris orchestra, was obviously delighted to go over a piece with Miss Baker at a rehearsal* →

In action: *Nita Raya has the honour to resemble the French stage favourite, Gaby Morlay: notice the third hand in the picture*

Hussars into ballerinas: *top and bottom pictures are of the same girls, three of the forty lovelies in the Casino de Paris show which is aimed at Tommies and poilus alike*

The Greasley Beauties *are part of the London side of "Paris-London," and their contribution is a cymbal dance (rehearsal below)*

*1. **Bernard Tussaud,** great-great-grandson of the first Mme. Tussaud who died ninety years ago, is chief modeller of the waxworks in Marylebone Road, here starts work on the head of Viscount Gort, V.C.*

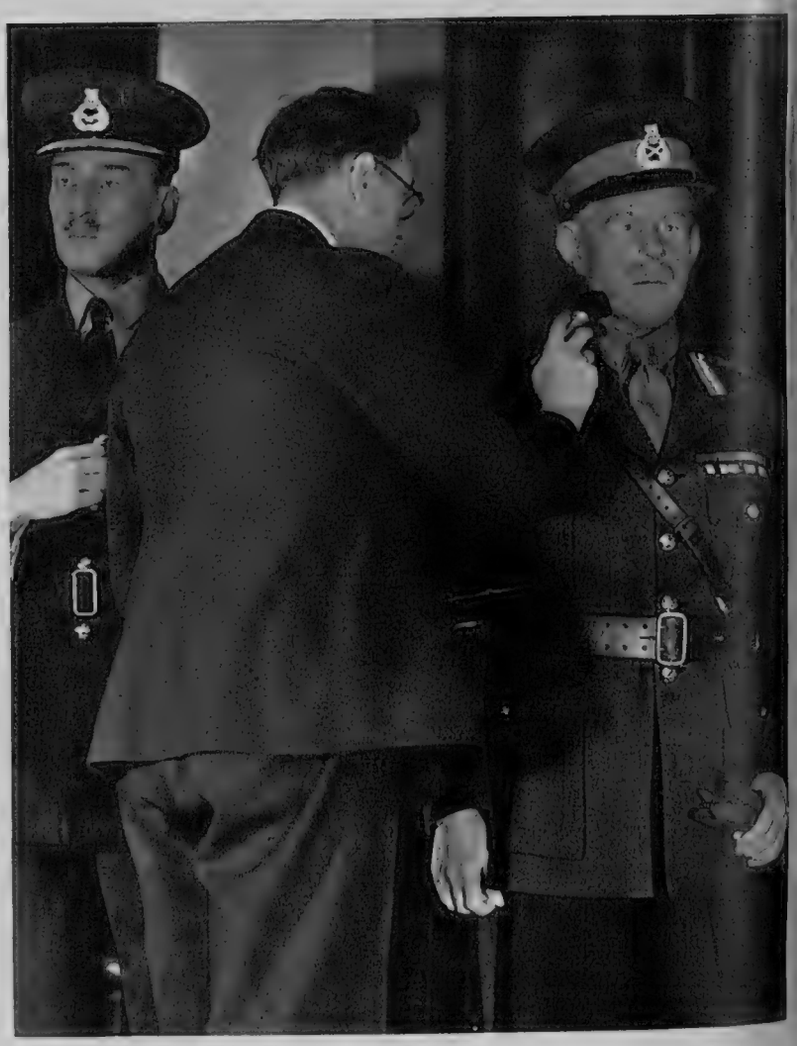
*2. **Skin texture** is obtained by rubbing the finished clay model with a damp sponge. The hat is not merely in place for the sake of the camera: models always wear head-dress, if any, during creation, so that shadows may be allowed for*

*3. **A mould** of plaster of Paris is made round the head (opposite), and then taken off in sections, rebuilt, and filled with molten wax. This has to be carefully poured to avoid air bubbles*

Viscount Gort Reaches the Halls of Waxen Fame

Madame Tussaud's Now Bill the C.-in-C. in Place of the P.M.

*4. **Cooling the head** of the Commander-in-Chief is a tricky business, for any draughts on the mould will cause uneven setting, and consequent cracking. Meanwhile, the research department of Madame Tussaud's has found out all details of uniform, colour of eyes, hair, height and girth of original*



*5. **All dressed up** and in position, next to Air Chief Marshal Newall, the wax General gets final touches of colour to suit his lighting, and a dust over. Gort's uniform here is his parade outfit: at the Front, as countless pictures show, he wears breeches and artillery field-boots, no shoulder-strap*

6. Gort in wax: the plaster is broken off to reveal a particularly happy resemblance to the Commander-in-Chief. Tussaud was naturally unable to obtain a sitting, worked from numerous photographs, and a colour cover of our 3d. contemporary "Illustrated." The wax-works, whose ubiquitous advertisements "Have you seen the model of ——-?" billed Chamberlain, Daladier, Hitler, and other men in the news during the development of the crisis, switched topically to Gamelin, Gort, Newall, Ironside and Pound on the outbreak of war, and their research department was plunged into the tricky business of finding out about uniforms, decorations and badges

Scandinavia

The Swedish Legation

In an excellent feature our French contemporary "Match" (December 14th), illustrates with shaded maps the spread of war in the world, 1939. September 1st finds two black spots no bigger than a man's hand—Germany and Poland. September 3rd brings in France, her Empire, Britain, India, and the Colonies. Next the Dominions go black; September 17th the U.S.S.R.; November 30th, Finland; and so, allowing for China v. Japan, December finds three-quarters of the world blackened by a state of war. The countries now most under the shadow of the dark contagion are Europe's small neutrals, and foremost among them, Scandinavia. Sweden particularly has clamoured for war since her friend Finland was invaded; the Foreign Minister resigned in early December because he vainly advised military support of the Finns; and doubtless, under the smooth surfaces of Swedish chancelleries abroad, pro and contra clash as at home. These pictures were taken at the Legation in Portland Place last month

Photographs by Tunbridge-Sedgwick

***Hr. Bjorn Gustaf Prytz** has been Swedish Minister in London since June, 1939. Educated at Dulwich College, he returned to Sweden with his parents as a young man, went into industry, rose to be managing director of the SKF ball-bearing company and president of the Federation of Swedish Industries. He is thus no diplomat de carrière—in fact, this is his first F.O. post*

***Mme. Aino Prytz** is of Finnish descent, holds a degree in literature at London University. Paintings are contemporary Swedish*

***The Ministers aides** are Hr. S. H. Pousette, Counsellor, and Hr. Hubert de Besche, Secretary, both older in the service than their chief. Pousette, of Huguenot descent, was Counsellor in Berlin before coming here in 1937; de Besche, who has English Norman ancestors, has been here since 1936*

in London

The Danish Legation

The Danish Minister in London represents a country which, by its acceptance in May of a non-aggression pact with Hitler broke partly from the traditional solidarity of Scandinavia; and drew on itself a reproach from Sweden who, with Norway and Finland, refused the great liberator and peacemaker. The question any visitor to the Legation in Pont Street would like to ask is, would Denmark join actively with the Nordic group in the event of further Russian and/or German agression in Scandinavia? Count Reventlow may know, but he did not tell us

***The Minister's aides** are Hr. Christian Aargaard, doyen of London Press attachés (he has been here since 1919); Hr. Gustav Rasmussen, First Secretary and Counsellor; and Count Eggart Knuth, one of the two Secretaries, a descendant of the king who dictated vainly to English tides*

***Count Eduard Reventlow,** of a historic Danish family (his great-great-grandfather abolished serfdom in Denmark), is a diplomat de carrière: he was Minister here 1913-19, went back to the F.O. in Copenhagen, until 1932, when he got his country's top diplomatic post, the Stockholm Legation. Last year he elected to return to London. The fact that the representatives of peaceful and friendly countries like the Scandinavians or Switzerland take precedence as Ministers below the Ambassador's of (say) Japan, Russia and (lately) Germany is a demonstration of the outworn diplomatic system of paying respect to power rather than progress*

← ***Countess Reventlow** is the daughter of a Danish Admiral. The Reventlows have three children, two sons at school and a daughter who is a lady-in-waiting to Princess Ingrid*

Anthony

Prelude

June Brae in "Sylphides" at Sadler's Wells

Les Sylphides opened the first wartime season of the Vic-Wells ballet company in their own home last Tuesday. This "romantic reverie," best loved of all ballets, should be the first introduction of every potential balletomane to the art. Listening to the Chopin music, watching the flower-like dancers drifting across the stage or dreamily grouped around the male dancer, the novice finds all his expectations of beauty and fantasy fulfilled. For the habitué, *Sylphides* well danced, is always fresh, always a revelation of some new expressiveness, perfection of line or grace of movement in the soloists. June Brae's lightness, supple grace and the lovely softness of her arms make her dancing of the Prelude a happiness to watch. These qualities, and her ability to express, to the limits of her personality and technique, the choregrapher's intention in creating a part, make inevitable the comparison implied in the phrase "an English Riabouchinska"

The "Bystander" Bookshelf

Innocence and Villainy

By V. S. Pritchett

THERE is a growing form of child exploitation which I hope will die of the fury raised among rival parents. I mean the habit, which novelists are getting, of pushing out wistful works of literary charm about their own children. I thought it quite enough when Mr. Nichols insisted on sharing his cottage with us; now it has gone further and, after reading a novelist, you are asked to love his wife—or wives—and children. I doubt if these children will in later years rise up and call their parents blessed.

M. Duhamel, the author of *Salavin*, is the latest professional child watcher. So much of childhood is lost to us, he says in *Days of Delight* (Andrew Dakers; 7*s.* 6*d.*) that the parent who records the daily ecstasies, agonies and placidities of his child, is making an investment for the future. Here a difficulty arises. Whereas, when *my* children mispronounce words, swallow stones, and pull flowers to pieces or utter some charming blasphemy, they are doing something important, significant and of undoubted interest to a large public, the same does not apply to yours. And the sight of you openly understanding your children is something which fills me with boredom. I would be much more interested if you beat them. Therefore, I find I cannot go very far with M. Duhamel among his family trivia; though here and there some unusual piece of observation—there is a very good account of his son's behaviour at a circus—makes me wonder if I ought to persist. The trouble, I think, is that M. Duhamel's children are more interesting than himself and unhappily M. Duhamel is often in that lingering, cosmic mood in which French fathers departmentalise their feelings about the universe. One hand on the woolly head, the other raised in the manner of the superintendent of some agnostic Sunday school, M. Duhamel discourses on the Future Woe, the Fleeting Joy, poetically, mystically, but nevertheless platitudinously. Unhappy is the child who becomes his father's copy.

A QUICK change to a political thriller. In April and May last year the *Saturday Evening Post* published two sensational articles about Stalin and Russia, which purported to expose the inner story of the Soviet intervention in Spain and prophesied Stalin's agreement with Germany. Now those who have not lost their taste for Phillips Oppenheim can read the story expanded into book form. *I Was Stalin's Agent* (Hamish Hamilton; 10*s.* 6*d.*) is the title and the author who writes with the obvious intent of making the American public's flesh creep—which the American public's flesh very readily does—passes under the name of W. G. Krivitsky. He was, for two years prior to the Moscow trials, the Chief of the Soviet Military Intelligence in Western Europe. Sickened by the trials, he resigned.

One can readily sympathise with him. It is hard to see your revolutionaries supplanted by hierophants and spies and to see the ideal of brotherhood transformed into the old story of Cain and Abel. But members of religious sects

W. G. Krivitsky

"I Was Stalin's Agent," Krivitsky's very sensational book on Soviet Russia, is reviewed on this page. The publishers, Hamish Hamilton, have been satisfied by Harpers in America as to Krivitsky's credentials, and Léon Blum has also vouched for him and that he was for twenty years in the Russian Secret Service

always abjure with bitterness. From extremes of fervour they go to extremes of vilification. The Communist sect has provided many examples of this, and neither in the flow of faith nor the ebb of apostasy, has "the Party" ever had the habit of softening its language. Mr. Krivitsky is true to type. His Stalin is a monster, a kind of anti-Christ bearing much the same relation to the Russian revolution as Napoleon did to the French, but adding the traits of the Asiatic highwayman. Heavens knows Napoleon was calculating, mean, cruel and monstrous; no doubt he betrayed the French revolution. Yet the revolution made a permanent mark on French society. If one admits all the criminal charges which Mr. Krivitsky, from the vantage point of the Secret Service, lays against Stalin—and there is no means of proving or disproving Mr. Krivitsky's extraordinary story—one is still left with the enormous fact of the Russian revolution, rough-hew it as he may.

The most convincing parts of the book deal with what may be called the police side of Stalin's prolonged search for the means of implementing that most understandable and traditional Russian hope of friendship with Germany. The most depressing part of it is Stalin's use of the Spanish civil war—to which the far too zealous revolutionary exiles in Russia were cynically deported by a sort of indirect purge—as a lever for his pro-German aims. The most incredible part of the story is that Stalin had his generals killed in order to please Hitler; the most understandable that Hitler's purge impressed his fellow dictator very favourably. In these circles there is a premium on those rulers who deliver the goods. But if it is true that in order to silence the Czarist General Miller (who "knew" that the "evidence" against Tukhachevsky had been cooked by the Gestapo), it was necessary to get the general kidnapped and murdered in Paris, then one must hesitate upon the brink of the tedious wastes of the Asiatic mind. Hitler simply shot Schleicher and Roehm when he wanted to get rid of them; he did not first float a creaking mediæval romance.

For those of us who do not live in a police state the whole atmosphere of this book is incredible. As Mr. Krivitsky says of the famous dollar-bill forgeries, the whole theory is childish and clumsy. There is, of course, a strong instinct for intrigue among sectaries and the Communist passion for subtlety is carried, one feels, to the point of stupidity. They are the modern Jesuits. It is this Communist submission to an Order which has elevated tactics at the expense of morality, and which explains the "confessions" at the trials. On this, Krivitsky gives the most satisfactory explanation I have so far read. When Bukharin protested his innocence Stalin replied, scornfully, "That is not the way revolutionaries defend themselves." Stalin was profoundly right. For the Russian revolutionaries there had never been anything so middle-class as truth; there had only been statements to a political end:

> They wanted to make known to the world and to history that, up to the hour of their death, they were still engaged in a political struggle, that they were "confessions" to crimes against the party in a last desperate effort to be of service to it.

I hope in the meantime this will be regarded as one of Mr. Phillips Oppenheim's more serious works and that the agitated English reader will not think our own side of the Spanish story, for example, would make more uplifting reading.

MISS JENNY LEE'S autobiography, *To-Morrow is a New Day* (Cresset Press; 8*s.* 6*d.*), is a lively account of a bleak, if picaresque, childhood in a Scottish mining town, and a spirited success story about her later political career. Worse than Hitler, she says, are the social evils from which Hitler springs: note for War Aims. This is an honest, likeable book.

THE following novels are recommended:

Gestapo Trial. By Jan Petersen. (Gollancz; 7*s.* 6*d.*)

The Valiant Heart By George Blake. (Collins; 8*s.* 6*d.*)

Lady Sarah. By Magdalen King-Hall. (Peter Davies; 8*s.* 6*d.*)

Anything Might Happen. By Myfanwy Pryce (The Bodley Head; 7*s.* 6*d.*)

"Bystander" Short Story

Jorkens Consults a Prophet

By Lord Dunsany

Illustrated by Holland

It was the usual thing at the Billiards Club, a thing that happens too often: Jorkens was known to be coming up the stairs, and one or two members, simply with the deliberate intention of getting the conversation where he was unlikely to join in—that is to say, away from Africa or any of the wilder lands—had chosen philosophy for their discussion. Free will or destiny was the general trend of their argument. I found it merely dull. But the moment Jorkens heard them his eye brightened up.

"There is a lot to be said for destiny," said Jorkens, "but you can't ignore free will."

"What do you mean?" said one of the philosophers.

And then Terbut joined in.

"Do you know anything about either of them?" he said.

"Yes," said Jorkens. "As it happens, I do. I thought I knew about one of them, and it turned out I didn't, but I had quite a considerable experience of the other. I'll tell you about it. It was like this. I was a good deal interested in destiny, not so much from the point of view from which you are looking at it, but as a practical proposition. I said to myself things are bound to happen and there's no stopping them; and if one could find out someone who knew what those things were, there'd be a great deal of money in it. And, mind you, it was not I that was having wild fancies about it: plenty of people claimed to know the future, and do so still. Well, I investigated the claims of one of them. I went to him and I said: 'You foretell the future?'

"'I do,' he said.

"'Can you tell what is going to win the Derby?' I asked.

"'I can,' he said.

"Well, it wasn't the Derby that I wanted to know about. It was a race meeting a long way from here, but it served my purpose just as well, and I asked him if he could tell me what was going to win that. So he brought out a lot of silks and began unwrapping them, all of them different colours; and when he had taken off about nine of them, there was a crystal, not quite smooth, but lightly carved on the surface with things like leaves; rather like an artichoke. Then he lit a powder in a little agate saucer, which made a smoke with a queer smell and made everything dim all round, but not the crystal. The crystal remained as bright as ever. When he moved it slightly in his hand things moved in the crystal: you could see them quite clearly. And then he told me the name of the horse that would win that race, and the name of the second and the third. He did more than that: he showed me the actual race in the crystal with the three horses leading it past the post and their colours clear and distinct. Now that was a queer thing to do. The horses were unmistakable:

I recognised all three of them afterwards; but, to make sure, I jotted down the colours that the jockeys were wearing. He let me see that race again and again. It was clear and bright, in spite of the smoke all round me. In fact, the grass was greener than it ever is naturally, and the colours the jockeys wore were more like enamel than silk. But you simply couldn't mistake them.

"Of course, I paid him; I paid him a good deal. In fact, the blackguard demanded five pounds and wouldn't take less. But, after all, the information was worth it. Then I got out of the room as fast as I could, away from the scented smoke, to breathe the fresh air, and because I didn't like the fellow at all. I had the name of the winning horse from the conjuror's lips, and I had seen the race with my own eyes. Did I tell you that he let me see the race over and over again, so that I got the colours quite clear? I bought some coloured chalks and jotted down sketches of them. I very soon found what the horses were, and who their owners were and what their colours; and the colours I had seen in the crystal were perfectly right.

"Well, do you know, I didn't have a penny on that race. I just went and watched it. And there were the horses, every single one of them, just as I had seen them in the crystal. And the man was perfectly right about the name of the winner, and of the second and third. It was an odd and surprising experience to see that race in the crystal repeated before my eyes—all the horses I had seen, all the colours, and even the exact distances between each, which I had noticed in the crystal and made rough notes of. I was a good deal surprised, but I didn't waste any time wondering: I saw that I was on a good thing, and I went straight back to that rather sinister fellow who burned the scented smoke. I said: 'I want to see another race, and I will give you ten pounds this time.' I did that so as not to have any argument as to whether or not he would show me another, for I knew now that it was an excessively good thing.

"Well, he burned the smoke again in the agate saucer while he held the crystal in his hand; and the room grew dim once more and the crystal shone brighter and I saw another race. Again he told me the names of the three winners, and again I jotted them down and made little sketches of all the colours with the coloured pencils, which I had in my pocket this time. It was a big race—a very big one—and it was coming on in about three weeks' time. Well, I concentrated on the winner. Of course, I could have got fabulous odds if I had backed all those three horses to come in in the right order, but I didn't want to give too much away: I didn't want people to suspect that I had had dealings with a clairvoyant, and so to find out that my bet was a bet on a certainty. I had a good deal of money in those days, and I concentrated on the winner. I put all the money I had on him, spreading it over various bookies, and I borrowed a good deal more; and the odds were six to one. What with the cash I had borrowed and what with the stuff I owned, I stood to be ten times richer on the afternoon of that race than I had been on the same morning. I am not going to tell you what race it was, because, if what I tell you gets out, I don't want some fellow to get up and say that that's not the way races are run there. They are run in that way, of course, only I don't want to say so.

"The day before I made my final arrangements with the bookies I went back to the damned fellow with the crystal and scented smoke to ask him if he was sure of what he had been talking about—that is to say, that Pullover would win that race, with a jockey wearing blue and yellow hoops. He said he knew well what he was talking about, and that that horse would win. And he

(Concluded on page vi)

Passed by the Censor

Let it rain—you can face the weather cheerfully in this waterproof hood from Fenwick, 63, New Bond Street. In oil-silk lined with felt, stitched at the edge, it costs 10s. 6d., in various colours to match their sweaters and cardigans, shown on the right. This jumper, short-sleeved, costs 21s., the contrasting snug coat 29s. 6d. They look lovely in azalea pink and turquoise, or in sharp contrasts of dark and pastel shades

Begin the New Year with a new hat, to tone up your morale and give a mid-season tonic to your coat. This model, from Selfridges, Oxford Street, is a version of the postillion shape, with a double brim fitting well down on the head at the back. It costs 21s. 11d. Another hat, at the same price, has a plaited felt snood to cover your hair, a useful idea if you have not much time to spare for the hairdresser

At least two months of wintry weather are still ahead, so be prepared with this padded oil-silk waistcoat, rain- and wind-resisting, from Spaldings, 318, High Holborn. It only costs 12s. 11d., and can be made for men or women, in the usual yellow oil-silk colour or in pastel shades to tone with a suit. As it is very light it hardly disturbs the fit of a coat. If you want woollens, they have a 16s. 11d. sweater, ribbed and hooded, to keep the winds away

More Fragments from France : By Bruce Bairnsfather

"Nao, I don't mind it, mate. Whenever I gets a bit fed up, I either thinks of Poland, Finland and Czechoslovakia, or Denmark, Holland, Belgium and Rumania"

Sanity Fare

The Author of "Insanity Fair" Covers the War Fronts

By Douglas Reed

The French and Us

WINNING the war is afar off yet, and winning the peace still further, but the spectre of that peace-to-come already haunts Paris. The French, perturbed by the "We-are-not-fighting-the-German-people" chorus from England, are apprehensive lest the next peace should deteriorate into a Franco-British wrangle in which British opinion would again cry that all would be well if France would only give Germany a fair deal, while the British heart would innocently continue to count on the French to hold the Maginot Line until we were ready if the Germans should once again discover that Britain, not France, is the real enemy.

For this reason the French look suspiciously at murmured suggestions about a possible deal with some German "moderate"—such as Goering. There is no hatred of Germany in France—but in the Quai d'Orsay is a granite determination not to have any herrings drawn across the long, long trail.

Partitioning of Germany?

ENORMOUS pre-peace activity goes on in Paris, and influential people are propagating the old idea that abiding peace can only be ensured if the problem of the 20,000,000-Germans-too-many be solved by setting up two Germanys, North and South. The large group of emigrant Jewish politicians is strongly backing this horse.

None of these people, however, will declare themselves definitely for the restoration of the Hohenzollerns and Habsburgs—an unpopular solution in both potential Germanys—nor say on what other basis the two Germanys could be founded. Apparently they desire the monarchs in their hearts, but dare not say so.

The Emigrants

PARIS harbours the exiles of all kinds and creeds. The Habsburg claimant, the Archduke Otto, holds a little Court, but is almost overshadowed by a most energetic publicity agent, Herr Fuchs, formerly of the Austrian Diplomatic Service, who took a prominent part in the Dollfuss-Schuschnigg struggle to avert the Anschluss, and falls under the Nuremberg laws.

Guido Zernatto, the Austrian Minister who implored Schuschnigg to escape while there was time and just contrived to get away himself, is also working hard for his cause.

Otto Strasser, brother of the man who really made Hitler's party and was shot by Hitler, is there, too; he is the only man with a still-extant organisation *inside* Germany (his "Black Front," the members of which, though secretly sworn to him, have remained at their posts in Hitler's Party, army, or civil service). Together with the two abducted British officials, he is the potential accused in the Munich bomb trial. He is trying, without success as yet, to form a shadow Government, a "German National Council," with such men as Dr. Hermann Rauschning, Wenzel Jaksch, and others; here again the powerful Jewish opposition is making itself felt.

The Czech Legion—barely two years ago I saw 30,000 Czech Legionaries from the last war, wearing British, French, Italian, and Russian uniforms and decorations, marching behind Masaryk's coffin—has a recruiting office in the Faubourg Saint Antoine; the Polish uniform, too, is to be seen in Paris.

Entente Cordiale—but Puzzled

THE love the French bear for us and their perfect understanding of us, is at all times well illustrated in Paris by such shop signs as "Auld Reekie," "Old England," and "The Select"; this time my hotel even advertised a "Scotch speciality, Wels Rarebit," illustrated by a picture of a tartan-clad and red-haired Highlander.

Our perfect understanding of the French is shown by the film *The Lion Has Wings*,

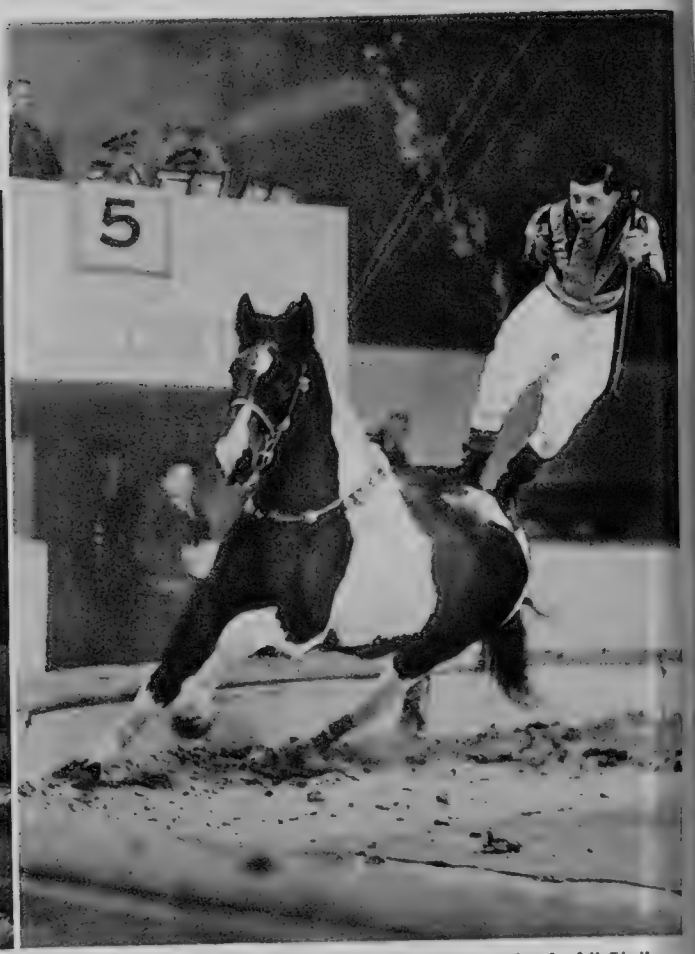
(*Concluded on page 30*)

***"Operations Room** at R.A.F. Headquarters in France" is the British official title of the British official photograph at the top, and we see five members of headquarters staff hard at work with telephones and a map. Dice are apparently being used to represent the chancy nature of even the best-planned operations. In the lower picture, the C.-in-C., Air Vice-Marshal H. P. L. Playfair, points out to his second in command a spot behind the Maginot Line near the Saar on a map pinned over a painted panel at headquarters. Playfair, like most R.A.F. commanders, saw service with the R.F.C. in the last war*

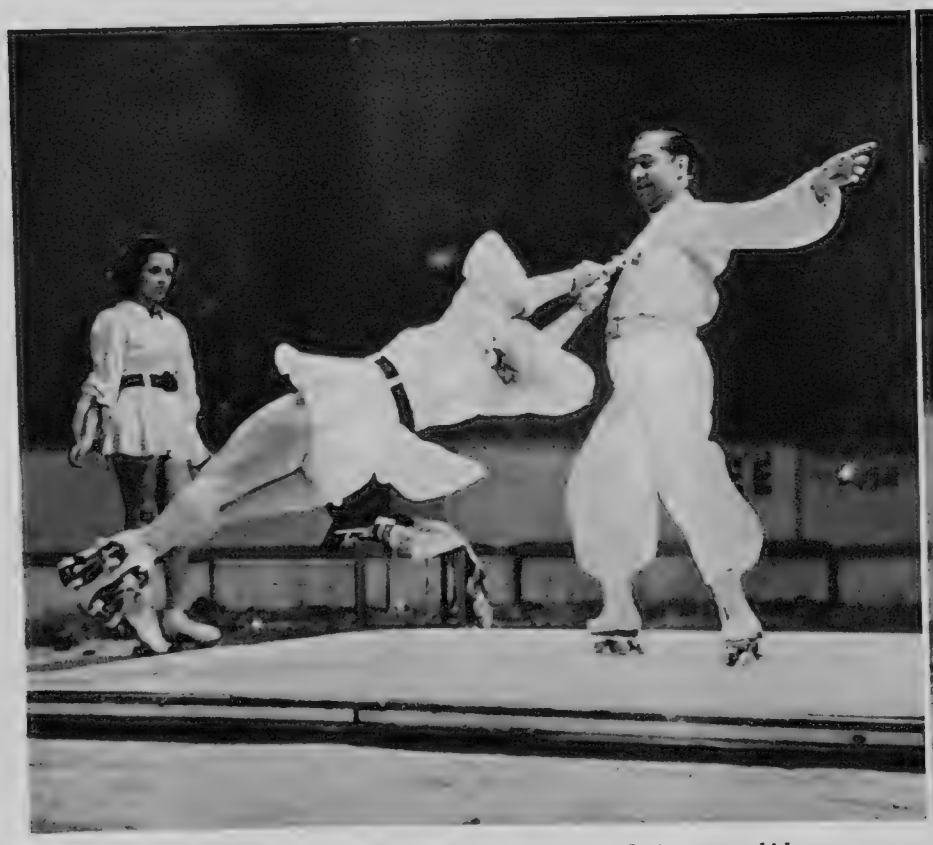
Here We Are Again

Parkin's Circus at Earl's Court Keeps the Winter Tradition

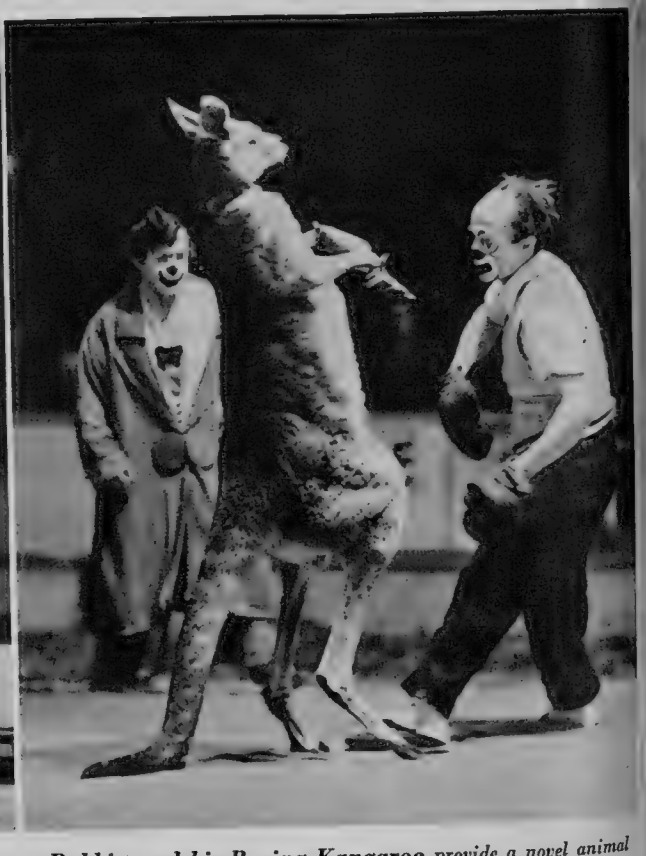
Isabelle *provides the traditional bareback act in S. V. Parkin's circus at the Empress Hall, Earl's Court. She comes of the circus-famed family of "Sir" Robert Fossett, other members of which also do an acrobatic riding act (see next picture)*



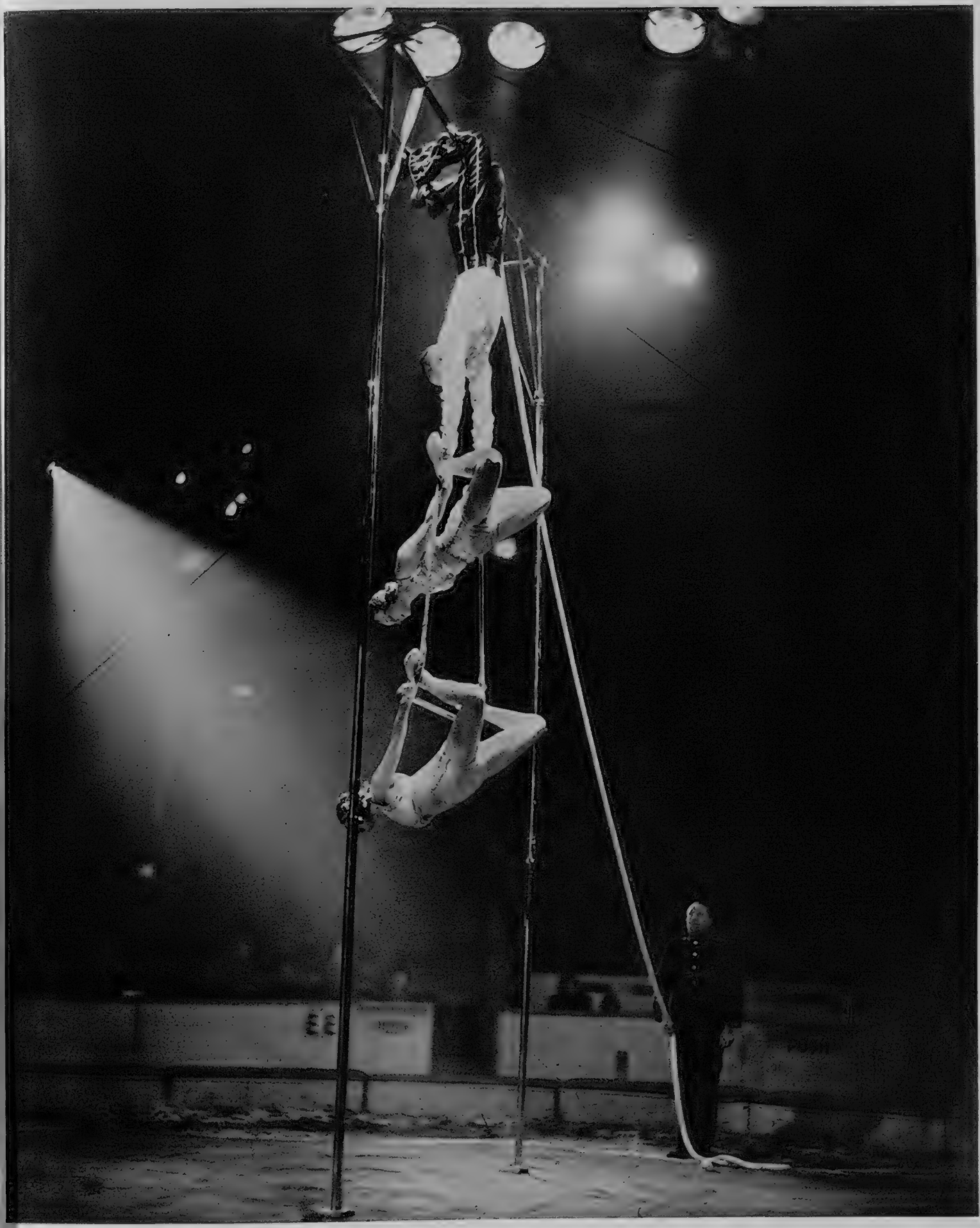
Robert Fossett, *Junior, is the present active head of "Sir" Robert Fossett's horse-riding family, who, according to the programme, have been literally brought up on horseback. Other horse acts at Earl's Court are Liberty Horses, Haute École*



The Ayres Trio *do an old act well—the roller-skating stunts which depend on centrifugal force for most of their effects. They are from the Dominions, lend an Empire tone to the circus claim of being "All-British," a doubtful merit in so international a concern as the circus*



Rabbitt and his Boxing Kangaroo *provide a novel animal turn, the hare-headed marsupial landing some pretty pats on Rabbitt in a three-round contest. Should the Australian really wish to harm his assailant, he would use his hind legs*



The Sisters Yelding: *these flying trapezists have the assurance bred by old circus blood*

Stapleton — Schibsted

Sqdn.-Leader Frederick Snowden Stapleton, son of J. G. Stapleton, of North Lodge, Bradmore Road, Oxford, and the late Mrs. Stapleton, and Anne Sofie Schibsted, daughter of the late Eivind Schibsted, and Fru Torpp, of Halden, Norway, were married at St. James's, Gerrard's Cross

Dennis — Denbigh

Richard Martyn Dennis and Irene Denbigh, daughter of Mme. Jean Cochery, of Paris and Le Touquet, were married at St. Mark's, North Audley Street. He is the only son of Mr. and Mrs. Stanley Dennis, of Littlecourt, Funtington, Sussex

Townsend — Penton

Officer-Cadet James Andrew Townsend, Inns of Court Regiment, eldest son of Colonel and Mrs. R. S. Townsend, and Deborah Mary Penton, eldest daughter of Sir Edward and Lady Penton, of Wyke House, Walton-on-the-Hill, Surrey, were married at Holy Trinity Church, Prince Consort Rd.

Street — MacLeod-Smith

Douglas Street, the Middlesex Regiment, eldest son of Sir Arthur and Lady Street, of Engell Park, Mill Hill, and Catherine MacLeod-Smith, daughter of Mrs. MacLeod-Smith, of 3, Highbury Road, Wimbledon, S.W., were married at St. Margaret's, Westminster

Harold Alan Coldham, son of the late F. R. Coldham, of Ballarat, Victoria, and Mrs. Lionel Popham, of 27, Harrington Rd., S.W., and Eileen Eveleigh-de-Moleyns, daughter of the late Hon. John Eveleigh-de-Moleyns and the Hon. Mrs. de-Moleyns, of 58, Cheyne Court, S.W., were married at Chelsea Old Church

Coldham — de-Moleyns

Getting Married

The "Bystander's" Review of Wedding

Croft — Wrench

Capt. Edward Cardew Croft, Royal Artillery, son of Mr. and Mrs. C. A. Croft, of Teignmouth, and Barbara Mauveen Wrench, youngest daughter of Mr. and Mrs. J. M. D. Wrench, of New Delhi, and the Moorings, Dartmouth, Devon, were married at St. Saviour's, Dartmouth

Nix — Moinet

Lieut. Stephen J. A. Nix, R.N., and Penelope Moinet were married at Worth Parish Church, Suffolk. He is the second son of Mr. and Mrs. Nix, of Tilgate, Crawley, Sussex. She is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Moinet, of Copthorne, Sussex

Buxton — Dunsterville

Captain Julian Wilberforce Buxton, elder son of Mr. and Mrs. Leland Buxton, of 5, Cranley Place, S.W.7, and Marie-Iseult-Dunsterville Dunsterville, only child of Mr. and Mrs. Walter F. Dunsterville, of Luskill, Stock, Essex, were married at St. Wilfred's Chapel, Brompton Oratory

Hugh White

Mrs. Alfred Wall

Kathleen Jarrett, daughter of the late Edward Jarrett, and Mrs. Herbert Newsum, of Eastgate, Lincoln, is now the wife of Captain Alfred Wall, Lincolnshire Regt. (Adjutant, Singapore Defence Corps). They were married in Singapore Cathedral on December 18th

Jaspar Carlisle Sayer, Middlesex Yeomanry, and Priscilla Bruce were married at Chelsea Old Church. His parents are Major and Mrs. Carlisle Sayer, of Fairlight Place, East Sussex. Hers are Lt.-Col. and Mrs. Kenneth Hope Bruce, of 3, Onslow Square, S.W.7

Sayer — Bruce

Hayne — Shephard

John Frederick James Hayne, son of the late F. W. Hayne, and Mrs. Hayne, of Courtlands, Shipley Bridge, Surrey, and Gillian, only daughter of Harold Shephard, and Mrs. Shephard, of 35, Grosvenor Place, S.W.1, were married at St. Paul's, Knightsbridge

Lindsay — Walsh

Lieut.-Com. Michael Lindsay, R.N., and Isabel Walsh, daughter of Brig. and Mrs. M. R. Walsh, of 4, Drayton Court, S.W.10, were married at St. Peter's, Cranley Gardens. He is the son of Lieut.-Colonel and Mrs. James Lindsay, of Carnousie House, Turriff, Aberdeenshire

Fayer

Birkbeck — Gore-Langton

Henry Birkbeck, eldest son of Major and Mrs. Birkbeck, of Westacre, Norfolk, and Nadine Mary Gore-Langton, only daughter of the late Major Francis Gore-Langton, and Mrs. Gore-Langton, of Little Tingewick House, Buckingham, were married last month at St. Mark's, North Audley Street

Wigan — Butler-Henderson

Algernon Desmond (Pat) Wigan and Mary Butler-Henderson, daughter of the Hon. Eric and Mrs. Butler-Henderson, of Faccombe Manor, Andover, Hants., were married early in December at St. Barnabas's, Faccombe. He is the son of the late A. W. Wigan, and Mrs. Wigan, of Mill Hill, Barnes Common, S.W.

Richey — Robinson

Paul Henry M. Richey, R.A.F., son of Lieut.-Colonel and Mrs. G. H. M. Richey, of 68, Cadogan Square, S.W.1, and Teresa Lister Robinson, elder daughter of Sir Roy and Lady Lister Robinson, of 57, Sloane Garden, S.W.1, were married at St. Mary's, Cadogan Gardens

Ramsay — Sisson

David James Ramsay, Scottish Horse, son of Sir James Douglas Ramsay, Bt., and Lady Ramsay, of Bamff, Alyth, Perthshire, and nephew of the Duchess of Atholl, and Anne Sisson, daughter of the late George Sisson, and Mrs. Sisson, of 83, Westbourne Terrace W.2, were married at the Church of St. John the Evangelist, Edinburgh

Sanity Fare

(Continued from page 25)

now showing—proof of French forbearingness—in Paris. I have not seen it, but a resigned Frenchman told me that it began with Crecy and Agincourt!

That Propaganda!

THE French have a strong sense of dignity and congruity, and M. Briand, then nearing the seventh age, did not long survive the publication of a picture showing him at le golf with Mr. Lloyd George.

Similarly, the French loathe pictures suggesting that this is for us a sort of Les Girls war—Lady Betty This or Dolly That "doing their bit" in Rif, Raf, Wren, Ant, Nit, Wit, or other uniform. And the things the black-clad Frenchwoman—about eight million of whose menfolk were called away on mobilisation—says about these pictures are unprintable.

But the French admire our Navy, Air Force, Army, and the Nelsonian defeat of the Graf Spee, a major victory which may alter the course of this war.

Art of Sandbagging

SANDBAGGING is a most inexact science in Paris. The Arc de Triomphe has one sandbagged leg, and thus looks gouty; the Opera is sandbagged on its port, but not on its starboard side; the Luxor obelisk in the Place de la Concorde is sandbagged half-way up and looks like a needle growing out of a beehive.

Such poetic licence might be allowed to London sandbaggers; I know a man, one de Bunker, who has longed for years to sandbag the Albert Memorial.

I saw no civilian with a gas-mask in Paris; about two soldiers in three carried one.

What's in a Name?

I ASKED in a Paris bookseller's for a book of mine, *Insanity Fair*, translated under the title, which I used to think good, "La Foire aux Folies." The lady of the shop gave me an appraising glance, produced a pile of suspicious-looking books from beneath the counter with her left hand, and said "'La Foire aux Folies'? No, I don't know it—but I have here *other* erotic books."

I used to think *Insanity Fair*, in English, a good title too, until an American reader wrote to tell me how she had enjoyed "Insanitary Fair."

Last of Langsdorff: *the captain of the Admiral Graf Spee, the proud battleship whose burnt-out hull, a danger to shipping, is now being removed from the River Plate estuary, appeared thus at the memorial service to German dead after the action off Montevideo. The men of God give the Nazi salute, the man of war the naval salute*

Canadians' Commander: *Major-General Andrew G. L. McNaughton commands the 1st Division of the Canadian Overseas Force, whose first Contingent arrived in England for Christmas*

Jorkens Consults a Prophet

(Continued from page 22)

asked me if the other race had not gone exactly as he had predicted; which, of course, made me look rather silly and quite unreasonably anxious. But it was then that he touched on a topic that I think you were just talking about. He said that free will was some sort of force that was almost equal, I think he said, to destiny; and that if I were to take a gun and shoot the horse as he came by, or injure it severely before the race, then, of course, it would not win, but that according to the will and the actions of everybody else in the world, and every horse, that horse would win the race. Only two men, he and I, knew anything of the future, as far as that horse was concerned: he certainly would do nothing whatever, and took an oath accordingly, and, provided that I exerted no free will against what was planned for the horse, it was destined that it must win. He also repeated the names of the second and third, with which I had nothing to do, for the reason that I have told you. The whole thing seemed very reasonable and, indeed, obvious. Of course, if I took violent measures against whatever was ordained, the thing could not happen; just as, if you divert a river, it won't go its old way to the sea; but leave it alone and it will.

"The day of the race I went and saw the horses in the ring. And I had seen every one of them in the crystal. The colours of three of the jockeys I had, of course, sketched in coloured pencil, and I had the sketch in my pocket. And there the three jockeys were, all walking about. The winner was absolutely unmistakable, even without the blue and yellow hoops: he was a bright chestnut with a clear white star on his forehead.

"I watched the race. And the second horse that I had seen in the crystal, white with red spots, and the third horse, green jacket and cap with white sleeves, were coming along nicely; but the odd thing was that my winner suddenly went a bit short far out in the country, and I saw him through my glasses dropping back. When the man had said 'If you shoot the horse, he won't win,' I had said to the damned fellow: 'Do you think I should be such a fool?' But I had done a more foolish thing really. I had backed the horse too heavily for the bookies. They couldn't afford to let him win. If I said that that jockey with his blue and yellow hoops had received any money from them he would turn out to be still alive and would sue me for libel. But he had a young family, and a thousand-pound note comes in wonderfully handy in bringing up two or three children. Yes, the second horse was first, and the third horse was second, and then came the field: the race was wonderfully like what I had seen in the crystal, only that my chestnut horse with the white star, ridden by blue and yellow hoops, was right back with a little bunch that came cantering past at the end. Of course, it was all my own fault: I'd played free will against destiny. And, as I was never able to make out in what proportions they work, I never had anything to do with that kind of thing any more."

THE END.

The Golf Coupon from any one issue of the BYSTANDER *during the current month must accompany any entry for the* BYSTANDER *Monthly Spoon Competition. The Hon. Secretary of the Club must sign the card and certify the scratch score of the course. Cards to be addressed to the Golf Editor of the* BYSTANDER, Hazlewood, Hunton Bridge, King's Langley, Herts., *to reach her not later than the first day of the following month.*

PLEASE WRITE CLEARLY

THE "BYSTANDER" GOLF COUPON

JANUARY

Name { *Mrs.* / *Miss* } .....

Address .....

.....

"Die Fledermaus"

A New Production at Sadler's Wells

Arnold Matters as Frosch and Ruth Naylor as Adele, in front of a Hedley Briggs sofa and negro lamp-holder

The Vic-Wells ballet plays its part in "Die Fledermaus," whirling and swaying to Strauss's Viennese waltzes

To celebrate the fortieth anniversary of the death of Johann Strauss, the Vic-Wells opera company has staged a new production of the gayest, most sparkling of all comic operas. Hedley Briggs is both the producer and the designer of the new decors and dresses of *Die Fledermaus*. Under his direction the company sing and play with tremendous vivacity and delight in the comedy and charming absurdities of the piece. Laurence Collingwood is the conductor. This is the second new production of the wartime opera season at the Wells, *Othello* having preceded it by two weeks. Since Boxing Day the ballet company has also been at its London home, having returned after a twelve weeks' tour. Ballet is being given four times and opera three times a week

Above are Violetta Jacopi as Count Orlofski, Sumner Austin as Falke

On the left are Morgan Jones as Alfred, Jeanne Dusseau as Rosalinde, Tudor Davies as Eisenstein

The next performance of "Die Fledermaus" will be on January 11th

Wartime Motoring Commentary

By Alan C. Hess

AUTRE temps. . . . It seems only a very little while ago that I was dipping my pen in vitriol and writing with appropriate venom about the then Chancellor of the Exchequer, Mr. Winston Churchill, on whose initiative the Road Fund was first raided and motorists' money misappropriated to bolster up an unsound Budget. And now, here I am again writing of Mr. Winston Churchill, this time in a spirit of gratitude. You see, whatever I may have thought—and still do—about the deliberate misappropriation of motorists' money, there is no gainsaying the fact that the energetic and efficient methods adopted by the First Lord of the Admiralty to combat the U-boat menace has resulted in a continued prosperity for the export side of our motor industry, which could not otherwise have been accomplished. Lately I have seen many indications of this eminently satisfactory state of affairs.

The Morris and Wolseley concerns are enjoying an exporting boomlet; so are the Standard and the Daimler and Lanchester companies. As I write, I have before me a letter from the Export Division of the Rootes group of companies—world exporters of Humber, Hillman, and Sunbeam-Talbot private cars, and of Commer and Karrier commercial vehicles—telling me that business for these cars during the period August 1st to November 30th, 1939, was within six per cent. of the same period in 1938. The commercial vehicle field actually shows an increase in turnover of 86·2 per cent.

Australia shows the greatest individual improvement on last year, with an increase of 39 per cent., much of this remarkable advance being attributable to the great popularity there of the Hillman "Minx," sales of which are up by some 40 per cent. Other examples: South America shows up well as a British car export market; in the West Indies the sales of Rootes' Group products have increased by 45 per cent.; despite exchange difficulties, British Columbian and Canadian sales are slightly above those of last year; the U.S.A. has displayed a lively interest in high-class U.K. cars. In Europe, Holland has increased orders for the Hillman "Minx" by 61 per cent.; Portugal shows total orders more than doubled.

Weygand Honours Motorists, is Knocked Down by One

General Weygand, ex-Generalissimo of the French Armies, presented colours to the women drivers of a French Red Cross unit which left before the New Year to go and help the Finnish Red Cross. Shortly after the ceremony (above) he was knocked down by a car, but escaped injury

"EBBY" is dead. Brooklands without the familiar figure of "Ebby," nonchalantly coping with his box of clocks, his flag with its brass-knobbed stick, his pipe, and his soft felt hat pushed slightly back on his head; Brooklands without "Ebby's" kindly, enigmatic smile, and his readiness to explain the spirit and the law of motor-racing to the uninitiated—Brooklands without "Ebby" will never again seem like Brooklands.

A. V. Ebblewhite was one of the most outstanding figures ever thrown up by the great sport of motor-racing. And no man was a greater devotee of it. He knew everyone and everyone liked him. He was a shrewd assessor of his fellow men, and it took not only a quite unearthly slickness, but a barrowful of luck as well to "pull a fast one" on "Ebby the Handicapper."

He knew cars, too, although he did not possess one of his own. But, most of all, he knew Brooklands. He knew which cars would be most hampered by the up-grade immediately after the starting-line, and he allowed for this (and a thousand other similarly subtle considerations) in framing a handicap. That is why "Ebby" was far and away the greatest handicapper the sport has ever known.

His business, inappropriate as it may appear, was that of musical instrument manufacturer, and his shop in Aldgate was the storehouse of an interesting and weird collection of instruments. He himself was a repository of the most unusual knowledge about musical matters.

His great and absorbing hobby was—the cinema. Not the sort of shallow but popular picture that emanates from Hollywood, but those more academic offerings which come to us from Continental studios. His knowledge of cinematograph technique was immense—as also was his knowledge of good wines and good food.

By the death of "Ebby" we who knew him have lost a loyal friend. The sport shares our loss.

Reference Books, 1940

Kelly's Directories

KELLY'S DIRECTORIES, LTD., 186, Strand, W.C.2, produce their usual trio of indispensable tomes recording a vast amount of information.

The Post Office London Directory (60*s*.) contains a particularly useful feature—namely, the wartime addresses of business firms that have temporarily moved their offices either wholly or partly out of London. The renaming of streets by the L.C.C. has again caused a vast number of alterations in all sections of the directory.

The Royal Blue Book and Parliamentary Guide (10*s*. 6*d*.) gives the names, addresses, and telephone numbers of the occupiers of the better-class private houses in the western districts of London. Much useful information is also given with regard to the Royal Households, the Government offices and the principal clubs; while a list of golf clubs within easy reach of London, with the name of the secretary, the nearest railway station, telephone number, fees, etc., and a Theatre Supplement, containing seating plans, are other features.

Kelly's Handbook (42*s*.), which has reverted to its old title of "Titled, Landed and Official Classes" from merely "Distinguished People," contains 30,000 biographies, arranged in alphabetical order. The persons who qualify for inclusion are roughly those indicated by the title, besides certain outstanding figures in the worlds of literature, drama, the arts and commerce. In addition to the biographies there is a deal of other information.

"Debrett"

"DEBRETT'S PEERAGE, BARONETAGE, KNIGHTAGE AND COMPANIONAGE" (Dean and Sons, Ltd., 41-43, Ludgate Hill; 105*s*.) includes events in the families of its title up to December of last year—a remarkable achievement, in view of the war. A double pagination of over 3000 pages contains as usual all family details of our nobility and chivalry, including 540 new honours. Subjects referred to in the Preface include their Majesties' tour of Canada and U.S.A.; Appointment of Counsellors of State; War Declared; Premier Barony of England falls into Abeyance; Lord Sinha to sit in the House of Lords; large number of hereditary titles without heirs; courtesy titles, etc.

"Who's Who"

IT is difficult to say anything new about *Who's Who*, in itself a criterion of fame. There is, in fact, nothing new to say, except that among the 40,000 factual autobiographies included, 1000 are newcomers and the rest have re-read and brought up to date their own notices. The scope of this remarkable book is gradually widening to include not only these islands but the world: and the state of war has not precluded us from learning, for instance, that Freiherr von Neurath's hobby is mountaineering. *Who's Who* is published by A. and C. Black, 4, 5, 6, Soho Square, at 63*s*.

"Who's Who in the Theatre"

THE ninth edition of this invaluable book of reference has at last appeared, compiled and edited as usual by John Parker, published as usual by Isaac Pitman and Sons, Ltd., Parker Street, Kingsway, at 30*s*. *Who's Who in the Theatre* is, of course, far more than a collection of biographies of everyone connected with the stage: it contains a directory to London Playbills, 1936-9; the late J. M. Bulloch's fascinating tables of heredity in the theatre and of the connections between stage and peerage; numerous lists and data of theatres and plays, some dating back to 1599; and a curious list of theatrical wills, topped by Barnum (£1,000,000) and bottomed by Edgar Wallace (nil) and Ziegfeld (deficit, 1,000,000 dollars).

"Whitaker's Almanack"

"WHITAKER'S ALMANACK" (published at 12, Warwick Lane, E.C.4; 12*s*. 6*d*. [leather], 7*s*. and 3*s*. 6*d*. [abridged]) is one of the few books of reference that almost anyone can pick up any time and find something not only that they did not know but that they would like to know. It takes the world as its matter and presents it to you concisely "taped" in 1130 pages. As well as favourite and useful old features—perpetual calendars, professional fees, correcting for the Press, gliding records, and so on—the 1940 edition contains two excellent topical features: tables showing the productive capacity of allied and neutral nations, and their food imports, and a table giving sun- and moon-rise throughout the kingdom.

PRINTED IN ENGLAND by THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS & SKETCH, LTD., Milford Lane, Strand, London, W.C.2, and Published Weekly by ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPERS, LTD., at 32-34, St. Bride Street, London, E.C.4.—WEDNESDAY, JANUARY 3, 1940. Entered as Second-Class Matter at the New York (N.Y.) Post Office.
American Agents: International News Company, New York. Sole Agents for South Africa: Central News Agency, Limited.

H.M.S. Rodney and H.M.S. Renown, two of Britain's battleships, firing their main armament at target practice.

JOHN BULL'S SEA WAR

by C. Patrick Thompson

SCUDDING clouds over the grey channel made the observation balloon look as if it were darting and diving, like a silver trout after flies. Behind sandbagged posts, steel-helmeted French artillerymen were alert at action stations. More units of the British Expeditionary Force were coming in across the narrow strip of water between the coasts of Britain and France. Dark-hulled destroyers, superfast, with a complex deck armament completed by depth-charge slings, escorted the big transports.

But no enemy submarines took a poke at the British Navy, and its war machines and supplies. The watchful balloons, the land guns, the eye-skinned destroyers, comprised a gauntlet too fearsome for any U-boat to run, although the prize was large.

Watching from that port of debarkation I had the illusion of seeing a whole picture. But I knew this was only one small part of a tale which went far beyond this narrow sea. The real work of keeping open the vital sea lane between the two allies was being done elsewhere, and as part of a larger job.

That story begins in the ship and dockyards, the gun plants, laboratories, and naval training colleges of England. It goes on to a huge invisible fleet, commanded by men who were only lieutenants and captains in the last war. It has innumerable angles, sub-plots within the main plot, but, essentially, it is the story of holding Britain's great defence line.

That line is located in John Bull's traditional element—the sea. It is built of ships—a mercantile marine aggregating 18,000,000 tons and a navy totalling 1,400,000 tons, and with enough new warcraft building, from 40,000-ton battleships, swinging sixteen-inch guns, to the small high-powered gnats of the anti-submarine flotillas, to enlarge this giant fleet by half or more again. . . . *This is an extract from an article you will find unusually interesting.*

HERE ARE SOME MORE OF THE ENTERTAINING FEATURES INCLUDED IN THE JANUARY ISSUE.

PEACE FROM HEAVEN
By F. Britten Austin

A secret weapon rains death from the skies. . . . Paris is in ruins, but this terrible war weapon succeeds in bringing peace to a stricken world.

WHAT IS YOUR ULTIMATE OBJECTIVE ?
By Negley Farson

This well-known American journalist gives a shrewd forecast of alterations to be expected after the war.

OLD TALES RETOLD
By Fortunino Matania, R.I.

In inspired words and pictures, Fortunino Matania shows how the "secret weapons" of Archimedes kept the mighty Roman Army and Navy at bay for three years.

DEATH MAY HAVE A SILVER LINING
By John Haggart

Bangkok is the setting for this story of a man who waits for death, but unexpectedly finds new life and romance in the venomous depths of the jungle.

YOUTH IN THE SPOTLIGHT
By Margaret Chute

Who knows Hollywood better than Miss Chute? Come with her to see some of the younger set at play.

PASSION AND THE PILOT
By Beatrice Grimshaw

Now we travel to the Great Barrier Reef, to follow the adventures of a ship's pilot who saves a great ship from being wrecked by foreign secret service agents.

THE PERFUMED GHOST
By Peter Cheyney

A delightful story with a Parisian setting. A young American detective and a very lovely but crooked young woman enjoy a battle of wits over a stolen diamond.

FASHIONS
By Jean Burnup

Two pages of delightful outdoor clothes, and suave new evening models . . . prophetic for spring

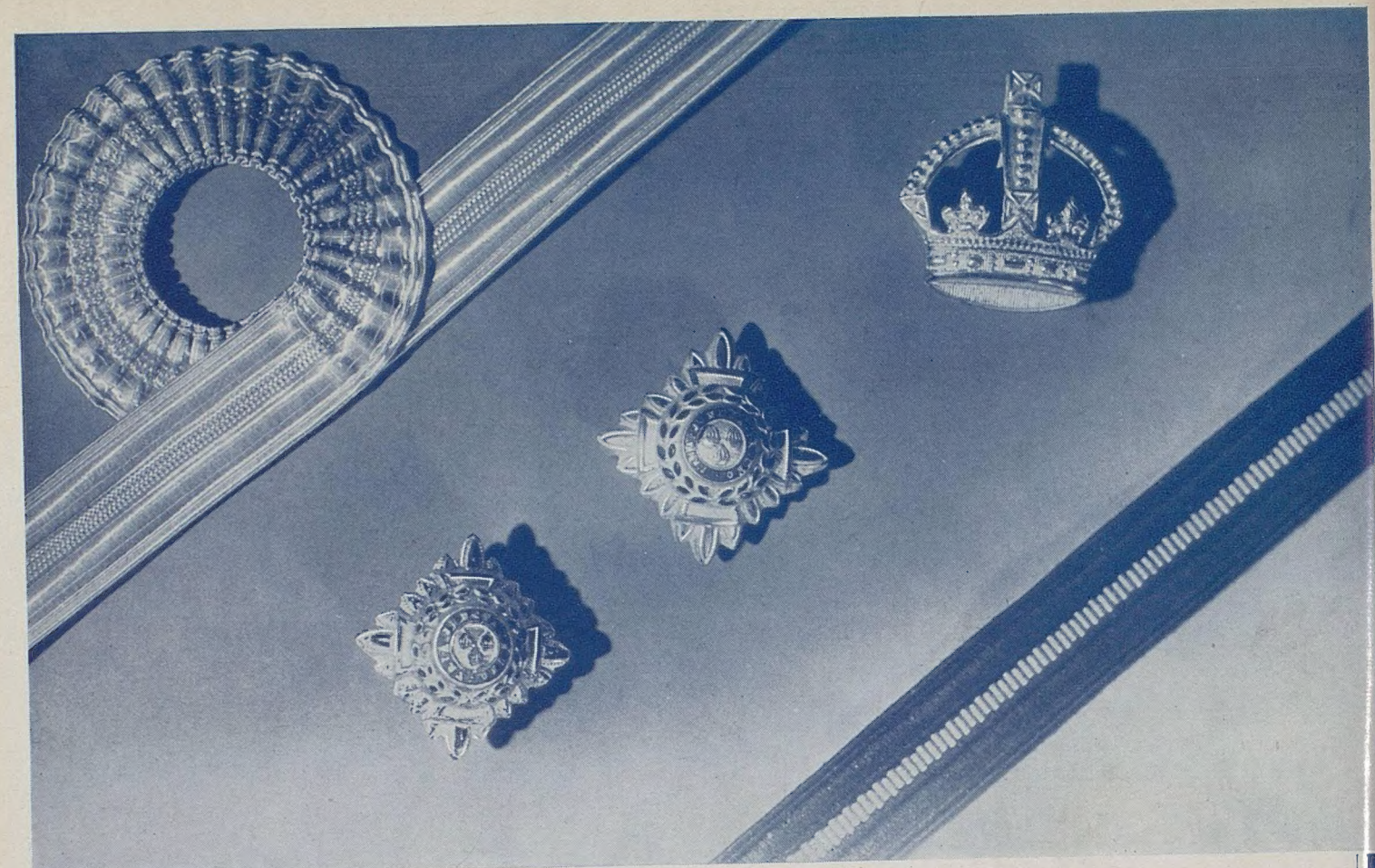
HOME SECTION

Four pages of beauty hints for smart women who always wish to look their best either in or out of uniform. Three more delightful things to knit, and more of those unusually tasty dishes for the wartime hostess. Two pages of new heating ideas you are sure to find interesting.

Make a resolution to order

BRITANNIA AND EVE

throughout 1940—January issue is on sale now



YOU CAN SEND

THE BYSTANDER

TO MEMBERS OF THE ROYAL NAVY, AND H.M. FORCES SERVING IN FRANCE, AT SPECIAL REDUCED RATES

6 Months 19/6 *(Post Free)* **3 Months 10/-**

A subscription to THE BYSTANDER will be a gift well appreciated by a friend in the Services stated above. Even postage is included in these special terms . . . so just fill in the form below and we will post direct from this office, saving you all the trouble of packing and posting.

ORDER FORM

TO THE PUBLISHER,
THE BYSTANDER,
32-34, ST. BRIDE STREET, LONDON, E.C.4

Please enter a subscription to THE BYSTANDER in accordance with your special offer to members of The Royal Navy, and H.M. Forces in France, for ☐ 6 months ☐ 3 months, for which I enclose ☐ cheque ☐ postal order.

NAME .....

ADDRESS .....

MY NAME .....

MY ADDRESS .....